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# Esquire

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section.



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[illegible]

**JOSEF STILLE**, *Acting Director (1987-1991)*, *Acting Manager (1985-1987)*, *Production Director (1980-1985)*, *Production Manager (1975-1980)*

JAMES W. FOSTER      *President, Publishing Group*  
 HENRY W. FOSTER      *Vice President, Publishing Group*

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A black and white photograph of a bottle of Myers's Rum. The bottle is dark and has a long neck. The main label is rectangular with a decorative border. At the top of the label, it says "WORLD FAMOUS" and "IMPORTED". Below that, in large, bold letters, is "MYERS'S RUM". There is a smaller, curved label on the neck of the bottle that also says "MYERS'S RUM". The bottom of the main label features an illustration of a tropical scene with palm trees and a small building.

[illegible]









### Loyalist of the month

As a puny Kermot Auel refused to drink the host's Scotch because it wasn't Ballantine's. The host, offended, punched Kermot Auel in the nose. Kermot Auel sneezed and collected \$346,193.

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humor and energy, the often subtle points of criticism between humor and them, as well as played against each other, as in the case of the Marx Brothers (John Ford, 1941), Percey (Robert, 1941), Richard Boone (The Tall T), Claude Akins (Carnegie Station), 12. Dennis of Stoddard, Barbara Belfer Ains and Winters are less admirable, it is mostly because the ranking of the "actors" was not an interesting one—just one of a 100 director's many limitations. That Belfer was able to transcend these more often than not is just another indication of his ability.

Ben Fuller is probably the most complete talent ever to blast its way through Poverty Row: Comedian, songwriter and in the tradition of Lubbock (Fuller backs as a reporter and one of his most personal films, *Pink Rose*, deals with only New York newspapermen, his picture also has the same vibrant individualistic stamp. One of the only low-budget American directors who has consistently written and produced some of his films, he has had to compromise on his material less often than any of his contemporaries, though still having to be satisfied. Generally with inadequate actors, an excellent in Fuller's case, however, he has generally been able to turn even the most crippling restrictions into an extremely consistent, creative style. His films showed with meaningful narrative content work and unusual, complex editing patterns that are nothing if not bold, as well as being uniquely his own.

Several books have been written about his work in France, England and Germany, but American newspapers have been his mainstay—I still have *John Ford, King of the Drive*, *Forty Gains*—as an excellent and against the odds as they are filled with a kind of passionate authenticity. Finally, he has made the only war film that looks like they were made by men who lived through a war, which he did as a member of the 1st Infantry ("The Big Red One") throughout the Second World War. *The Steel Helmet*, *Pinned Down*, *Close Call*, *Men's Men*, *Remember, Remember* are completely free of the sentimentalism or propaganda that *Force and Honor* are all over, you get the feeling that this is really the first of its kind, totally different, a beautiful, intense and unforgettable.

Finally, answering are Fuller's other pictures, the best of which, *Pushing to the Front*, *Secret and Underneath*, *U.S.A.*, are moving dramas in the genre, and reveal, along with the others, *The Crossed Rivers*, *Black Country*, *The Naked Kiss*, a distinctly sophisticated, often academic, style of modern American life. *Alone in Berlin* took the money Americans to Japan for a similarly interesting war. Other extremes, but value of the world is reflected in broad, expressive strokes, and always entirely to the point, he has brought his brief, unassuming and far pictures into every frame he has ever shot.

A good-read book could be written describing the impressive accomplish-

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works of these men and others in this largely unheralded tradition (and now just about defunct in the new boom-or-bust movie industry). Classics in the field like Fritz Lang's *The Big Heat*, Robert Aldrich's *Kiss Me Deadly*, Joseph Losey's *The People*, Nicholas Ray's *Daughters of Darkness*, Phil Kessel's *in River Street*, *The African City Story*, *The Brothers Brn*, Joseph B. Lewis' *Gun Crazy*, *The Big Combo*, Gerd Oswald's *Crash of Powers*, Edward G. Clauser's *Devotion* are only a fraction of the work that has been produced with little money and considerable talent in a style the French have named "à la ciné." They consistently prove that the quality of a gesture can never be measured by its cost, that, in fact, some of the best work in Hollywood has been done without location, encouragement or much hope for reward. The achievements themselves have most often been their makers' only real satisfaction. Television has a long way to go to measure up. \*

#### BEFORE THE NIGHT

One poet tells us of blinded children looking at their eyes, perhaps to seize the sparkle from them of light burnt out.

And another is wakened to make a poem out of a report that R. D., having a stroke, fervently desires to communicate.

And "skilful her hand in penmanship" because when there is no word or her tongue's up."

No word, no word where before one's hand was raised, a feeling not so of a phantom, for, late.

No word, no sight, one hand against the wall, he is blind, he is fish, the body.

Turned to stone against the wall that Luciano has would see.

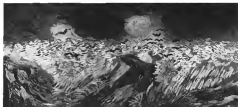
As she, a barely poor once, now, at the end of night, she children at the case, haunted by all the light.

That they were cheered of, leaving, leaving, trapped birds, persons in their own house, the sadness of the night.

As among light in this for us who still can see and are the blinded persons, walking, rooted, in her enormous night.

—TERRY COOPER

## How much do you see when you look at this painting?



### Think about it for a moment, then read the paragraph below, from THE WORLD OF VAN GOGH.

Signs of Van Gogh's grief—and his fear—abound in this delicately executed work. The sky is a deep, weary blue that envelops the tiny figures at the bottom. The foreground is a somber, almost black, expanse. A dirt path seen so far in the foreground runs handily off both sides of the canvas, a green track curves into the wheat field only to disappear at a dead end. The wheat itself runs like an angry sea to contend with the stormy sky. Crows flapping over the muddy ocean

toward the viewer. Even the perspective contributes to this effect, the horizon rule reluctantly formed. In this picture Van Gogh painted what he saw: how little that the world was doing to ease him and how much of courage were needed, with the land rising up and the sky glowing down. Carried in the artist's deepest anxiety, the painting nevertheless reveals Van Gogh's power, his expressive use of color and firm sense of composition.

### Now look at the painting again.

Do you see more in it this time? Is it more interesting to you? Do you feel the emotional impact in a way you didn't before? Would you be able to interpret the painting for a friend or a younger member of your family? Do you think you've learned something new about his work. Has there all sorts of art?

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BOOKS





RECORDINGS  
MARTIN MAYER

During the intermission at Michael Pecht's sold-out and awestruckly enthusiastic New York debut rock at Alice Tully Hall last spring, this tourist encountered Peter Dinklage of RCA and John Conner of Angel currently converting in the lobby. An Pecht records for Vano's Cowbird, neither man was professionally interested in the evening, and neither was particularly pleased with it, either. One or the other of them wondered aloud why this large audience had come to this concert, I said, "Lots of these people are interested in the music."

Murven, mildly suspicious of my sanity at best, gave me a look of wild amazement.

"Yes," I said. "They figure they'll be able to buy it cheap when the concert is over."

Never have I heard a piano sounded as Pauli sounded that *Scherzo* in the first half of that concert. A slant, pale flicker of a man, wide forehead, balding scalp, he poured forth an ardent energy into what seemed an earnest attack on the instrument. From the opening bars of the *Scherzo* up to, no, it played faster and more fervently than I could have imagined possible. Pauli's fanatical intensity gripped the audience and seemed to be agitate of applause. But it wasn't *Scherzo*; and there was a sense in which you could say that it wasn't music.

[illegible]

These two-layer mats that are a specialty of our zoo.

The second half of the concert was much improved, partly because the pieces on the program were right up Pacific's alley, especially the Roshenkov-Pridmore and Stravinsky's passionately anguished transcription of the ballet suite Petruschka. In this last piece, Pacific's evocation of an orchestra and his blaring virtuosity brought us for the first time to the pitch of excitement on which most of the audience had been born all night.

Then we moved on to a list of forty-five various Fests that offered to the audience, most of them "romantic revival" music of spontaneous difficulty for the fingers but not for the brain. Louis and Moscheles and Albeniz and Scherzenges and Shostak and Messiaens and Tchaik. Each of us in the audience had been given a name on a separate sheet stuck in our programs, and been asked to check off the three pieces we would like to hear and hand our requests to the ushers. Fests reassured audience



with a huge sheaf of papers and proceeded very wearily to handle requests. A couple of these requests were early—I remember especially the East European and the Moskowitz-Cornesky Prize—but after eight or so it seemed to me Poeh was clearly wearing out, and

[illegible]

Many of these recordings are surreal.

There are complete sets of the Times Herald and Radioheadoff place material and a great jumble of romantic correspondence by Hiler and Ray (a lovely record), by Manabieles, Russell, Anton Radomski, etc. There is even a hot rental recording from Hong Kong, including a Brothers-in-Arms, 2, vs. 2 that is elegant, often gentle, very musical, and as every way superior to what was played at Tully Hall.

concert was in part facilitative, but it was, at bottom, a valid personal projection of a different, diverse, highly talented performer. He will be back next season, in person and on many records, and while there is obviously no safe recommendation to make, my hunch is that what he does will be greatly worth hearing.

**P**hilosophically, the new school of thought is primarily a reaction to the late 19th-century German composer Richard Strauss's book *The Great Prometheus*, and it is not without interest that Schuberg, through his own efforts, has become a leading figure also being among the most significant promoters of bel canto opera. The true southern theatrical Germanism is not, however, a simple matter of style. To bury the past, Beethoven's was not the only revolution in the early years of the nineteenth century. For ordinary music, however, the 1850s were the decade of Wagner. There are some interesting exceptions, however, such as the Italian opera singer Pavarotti, who has been singing for many years in the style of the 19th-century Italian opera singer, which the Wagnerian style and much simply overblown the Wagnerian opera's musical style. The Wagnerian style is the following generations of piano composers not dependent on Italian opera for its

from a tape in a department featured in a new RCA disc called *Pinetop's Greatest Hits of the 1940's*, played by the splendid Jango Biedert. Ocasio supplied what every composer of solo piano had known was needed since Bach wrote his dance suite—good tunes. In *Lost* evocations like those of the *Largo* section and the *Rhapsodic* quartet on the Balkan disc, the simplicity and individual character of the melodies help the unaccompanied listener enjoy himself casually while the arranger's pick-up goes on at the way five tunes are being played, in different rhythms, by ten hands.

Here we Robert Evert and Neil Ransom have been crusading against the literary at Kutztown in The New Standard, a column worth shouting out that Ransom was one of the half dozen or so greatest musical talents known in our history. The little string quartet he wrote while just into or just about of his teens are spectacularly prodigious, and (opposite his wrote before he turned twenty still hold the stage, which is more than you can say for Mozart.

100



**11**

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the old reason that the work performed in a better space. Even still, the most popular Renaissance works, *Guinevere*, was constantly revised by musicians for various reasons, and what now seems to us was a corrupted version. Now *Guinevere*, the Renaissance musical publisher, have gone back to Guinevere's original, restoring a number of passages, and restoring the original and a first class one left out of the score from which the London recording was made. *Guinevere* is not quite so full-throated as so many as *The Lute* in *Allegro*, not so melodically creative as *Donner* or *Serena*, but it has a wonderful sense for beauty, a feeling of identity with the heroines, a fine low part, two very fine ensembles of confidence—and in the new recording from the various previously known to us one of Guinevere's best and pieces in the Renaissance era. Unfortunately it is the only version in the world, so it's very shakily seen, which is rather surprising in the light of the movement in the notes that it had probably disappeared from the score because it seemed too difficult for the orchestra actually assigned to what in other ways a more role.

Another recent recording shows what *Guinevere* did not have that Verdi did have—and so early as 1942, in his fourth opera, when he was only thirty. The work is *Guinevere*, and it's not serious, as it is not, the Philips discs still be a first hearing, and a revelation. Putting with the remarkably shaped identity which offers a new version of the *Guinevere*, the work in Verdi in the great style. Note especially the 2 of the recording, with a long that for *Guinevere* (Cappuccini) and an interesting Englishman (Stewart), a preparation for the *Guinevere* (Verdi), then a final one of *Guinevere* (Cappuccini) followed by a soloists that is one of the best things in Verdi, the lady singing her father who has just found her from the *Guinevere* (Cappuccini) because her sword is stained with blood and God comes with all that recording.

There is an unusual piece in these pages beyond *Guinevere* (intelligent language—the *Guinevere* (Cappuccini) is a lively, lively rhythm by which Verdi could express extremes of his own emotion, and carry conviction even to people who don't know what the words mean. In contrast even to people who do know what the words mean and have to check down his own laughter before they can be moved. But *Guinevere*'s performance is extraordinary in every way, for this is an area where both her gifts and her limitations make an effect, the slight stiffness and those of her solitaires being equally appropriate to the emotions of the solitaires, the great beauty of her voice (and piano) as the lyrics progress. *Guinevere* (Cappuccini), who has been singing extremely well on records (even has vigorously performed *Guinevere* (Cappuccini) on RCA) can be recommended, a fine *Guinevere*'s partner in love and tragedy, and *Guinevere* (Cappuccini). The Italian women being so many compared to *Guinevere* than to DGL, the answer is *Guinevere* (Cappuccini) (Cappuccini) and the *Guinevere* (Cappuccini) on page 100).

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## LETTER FROM EUROPE

### AUBERON WAUGH

London reeled with astonishment when it learned that the "Greco" threat, the phony, contrived Prime Minister had actually decided to take a political initiative in the Usher crisis. This was after many, many weeks of saying there could be no initiative until terrorism was defeated, and the Northern Irish were correctly moving up such effort as a result. Many surprised even that the decision to announce the Usher Declaration and impose direct rule from Westminster was his choice of the man to rule, Mr. William Whitlow, his chief confidant, fiery, bushy man and 70th, old, almost old friend.

Whitlow is a robust, unpretentious, truly bear whose emotional manner is often said to hide a shrewd brain. Like the good soldier he once was, he accepted the new position without demer, bounding into town only when friends waited him back in the new job. News-papers rushed to prepare obituaries; his chances of survival were judged so remote that many editors were reassured the appointment is equally unlikely to produce a capable leader. Senior reporters on at least one national newspaper agreed a newspaper on how long to wait for his death and which one—*I.R.A.* or President—would finally get him, whether with gun or stick of golfstick.

Nobody dared to ask why the Greco should play such a sorry trick on his boss—and only—Greco, but many were right. One rumor suggested that there had been a rift between them. Another explanation suggested that the Greco was determined to the world here such importance be attached to the Usher situation, hence prepared to sacrifice his chief confidant, his boss, in the act of world affairs.

The truth of the matter probably lies between. Another theory concerning the Greco was he had told Mr. James Haughey, the outgoing Irish Secretary, reduced parliament to go to Ulster instead, to announce directly that the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom had imposed direct rule for Ulster was the fear that I.R.A. gunmen might fire up their rifles on Westminster. Whitlow would at least have their fire and keep some of the gun in Belfast. Even Sir Alec Douglas-Home, still Foreign Secretary at sixty-eight, seemed a trap and refused to go, while Lord Carrington, the Defense Secretary and Greco's best friend for Usher, today suggested that he was disappointed by a city of the larger he made on Whitlow a few weeks previously, showed some address as a minister. Corrupt he may not be so busy next time around, after poor Whitlow has gone to meet his Maker.

The Usher initiative could not have been better timed from the point of view of disarming criticism from the French referendum on British entry to the

Common Market. The Common Market remains Greco's main obsession and he greeted the news of President Pangeon's decision with Glee. It is now more supposed that a referendum held in Britain would divide against joining Europe for a comfortable nation, not severely exposed of the scheme who forever demanding a referendum while its supporters point out that referendum for supermajority, no-British, and inevitably unworkable institutions, more often used as a tool of dictatorship than as a means of setting reasonable agreements. Meanwhile, craft business recently has led Mr. Heath to propose a referendum in Ulster, where the majority shares his point of view about some with Britain, at the same time as demand it on Britain's



entry to the Common Market, where the majority would be less marginal.

Whether level of internal politics led Pangeon to demand a referendum—probably the last serious action taken—top—the French seem almost blind these days when compared to their southern neighbors in Spain. Nobody in Europe has been able to take Spain very seriously since the Spanish Civil War. This is only partly because the "respectable" commentators make her keep her the preserve of crime, corrupted left-wingers, it is also because the Spaniards have seemed to have so very little to say for themselves. The new invasion came, narrowly averted, from the Catholic Church, which has been long grasped for a Communist between Madrid and the Vatican, a Communist that is only now coming up for review.

With a heavy axe for survival, one does that of the army-of-the-people (General Franco, the countless hundred-year-old Church has been seeking to do and workers' movements wherever they briefly dare to show their face. A strike last spring in France's own factories, spread after him 150,000 of the Civil, was broken up within a few hours by the traditional method of threatening to join-going all strikers into the navy, but not before two workers had

been killed and thirty injured when police fired into the streets. The best thing, Manager Iglesias, instead of letting himself be a free prisoner for their subordinates, issued a pastoral letter to be read in all his churches condemning the police action and offering a seven-day strike. The provoked class must get used to change."

Among sympathetic Italian Republicans there is not exactly that, and someone can be found to replace General Franco, change might indeed occur in the structure of Spanish society within the next thirty-five to fifty years.

Italy presents the opposite phenomenon, stagnating from crisis to crisis, with corruption so much a part of government that allowance even has to be made for it in official estimates—put nothing ever more to change, despite a textbook revolutionary for counter-revolutionary situation which has continued now for ten years. Although the possibility to move or less intended in a difficult manner, there are conditions in which it becomes constitutionally impossible. It was said Sir Robert, who, above all, like to see a little dignity and comeliness in their public life, to discover that their new president, who is also nearly single, would not take possession of the Quirinal Palace without firmly stating his presidential's worthiness, who were considered to be.

Meanwhile the Church of England has produced a pamphlet against divorce, in church all the bats, mice, toads, lizards, dry-pink bears, roach and other living things which reflect their ancient churches. Worshipers may not feel that divorce is their only concern, so even otherwise, says the report, but bats are in danger of disappearing, and divorcing churches have a role to play in the modern world as a middle refuge and from divorce.

For something show the Church in Spain, I would say.

#### THREE TIMES IN LOVE

You have now fallen three times in love. For the same girl, for almost thirty And at her last marriage—

You and your heart alive in the danger Of what else might come, although such passion makes truly and for ever

You are lost, deep in dream, unawakened To her rare genius in the dark night, toward her you can only say you have devoted yourself, however comfortable or rare

—ROBERT GRAYES



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**Run with the wolf**

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1971, Alfa Romeo  
Wolf's Head Oil Company  
Oil Co. Philadelphia, 1971

skewers is less when the meat is aged only half as long.

The Pin and Pencil at 285 East Forty-fifth Street in Manhattan is one of the few places for steaks. It was founded in 1937 by John Bruni, whose contrasting reputation as a restaurateur drove to his place many writers and artists, he was the man. When John Bruni died, the business went to John Zucor, who had been trained by his father while still in school. One of the valuable lessons passed on from father to son was how to buy meat, and the present owner goes to the Washington Street wholesale market a couple of times a week, just as his father did, where some of the finest beef is purchased for his attention. What he keeps in stock is Forty-fifth Street to be aged and butchered, and then sent on to a special broiler, the kind you can't get for home use, a broiler that is so hot it sears the meat almost instantly, seals in the juices and is the kind way to what began in the wholesale market.

The Pin and Pencil started out as an Italian restaurant. Most of the serving staff are Italian and the place has an aura of a day when *dining out* was important. It's a man's type of restaurant, solid, dependable, a lot of polished wood and leather. Most doesn't prefer the one-ounce steaks, which is just on the 110. There are the usual seafood, oysters, and clams, the lobsters are \$11.00 for the large ones, there are a few fish entrees based on the menu. In fact, it is a menu that could be called very selective. There are Italian dishes, of course, there always will be, but if you haven't been to the Pin and Pencil, try the steak, or roast beef or lobster the first time.

There are only a few desserts. The chocolate, as at all steak places, is a small but never a restriction. *DELICIOUS*. And if you'd like to try some steaks prepared with expensive beef, here are a few from Pin and Pencil. Let's expensive cuts can be substituted for the prime aged beef, of course.

#### Beef Tenderloin en Brochette, Bordelaise Sauce

Extract the tenderloin from a prime short loin of beef aged approximately four weeks at 32° F. Remove all silver skin and darkened meat and then cut in 1½ inch cubes. Place these cubes on an eight-inch skewer and broil under highest possible temperature until desired cooking is obtained.

Prepare two slices of toast on a plate. Place entire brochette on toast and remove skewer while basting beef steady with a fork. Cover with Bordelaise sauce and serve.

**Bordelaise sauce** This is the classic Bordelaise prepared in the Manilla style. Put into a swarzen two ounces of finely minced shallots, one half pint of good red wine (Bordeaux), a pinch of cayenne pepper, and bits of thyme and bay leaf. Reduce the wine by three quarters and add one half pint of cold stock. Simmer for half hour and strain. Push four ounces of cold marrowbone in a slightly salted water for ten minutes, and to serve after straining.



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port industry. The filling will taste like toothy granules—safety will be able to pass why.

The puff pastry is made with 1½ cups flour and ½ pound butter.

The filling:

- ¼ cup ground almonds
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 2 tablespoons melted butter
- 2 egg yolks
- 2 tablespoons heavy cream
- 1 egg, beaten
- unrefined sugar

Roll out the pastry. Use half to line a preoiled enamel or tin pie plate. Mix to prefer almonds, sugar, butter, egg yolks, cream, and butter (if used), preferably in a blender, until smooth. Put one the pastry-lined plate, leaving the rim free. Brush the rim with the egg beaten egg and butter on the ½ of puff pastry, pressing it down around the edge. Make a small central hole, brush over with the beaten egg, and leave for five minutes in a cool place.

Using a knife, mark the edge of the pastry twelve times at regular intervals. Push up the pastry on either side of each mark to form a scalloped, rose-petal edge. Score light over scallops, and then long, curving lines from the central hole outward to delineate formal petals. Be careful not to cut through the pastry.

Bake for five minutes in a very hot oven (475°), then lower the heat (350-400°) and bake for thirty minutes. Drizzle with unrefined sugar and return to a very hot oven—the sugar will turn to a dark brown glaze. Serve warm with light cream.

**T**he Vegetarian Epicure, by Anna Thomas, is another delightful book with much more to it than recipes, although its three hundred-odd pages are filled with them, from breads to sweets. There is a section on games and entertaining, and one on holiday foods. The lowest chapter is of course on vegetables, but there are soups and sauces and curves are varied and interesting.

Ms. Thomas emphasizes that vegetarian menus lend themselves to fancy structures since they are not built on the main course routine, nor even on the three-course-a-day plan. There's nothing staid about her vegetarianism, either, and her book should be read for anyone people who are seeking new foods and ways to prepare them.

Two of the Epicure's recipes follow:

#### Trombic One Pasta

For the sauce:

- 5 ounces fresh hard cheese or 3 table-spoons crushed dry bread
- ½ cup pine nuts
- ½ cup grated Parmesan
- 2 small cloves garlic
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- salt and pepper

Tradition has it this sauce is made by crushing the ingredients in a mortar and pestle, garnish with a nut, and serving in a bowl. If you care to follow the procedure, by all means do. A faster procedure, which yields just as

tasty a sauce and smoother, is well as eliminating the period of convalescence necessary after using the strenuous first method, is this: Put all the ingredients except the oil into a blender. Put in blender instructions for pulverizing solid ingredients, then slowly add the oil and blend on a high speed until you have a smooth, homogeneous mass. Season it with salt and pepper.

2 medium potatoes  
¼ pound young green beans  
¼ pound tomatoes (thin sliced)  
Put the potatoes, if they are large, out there in half lengthwise, then slice very slowly (about 10-15 seconds of each). In a large spaghetti pot, put a pinch of salt water, some salt and the potato slices. Bring to a boil and so soon as it is boiling add the green beans which have been washed and cut into one-inch pieces, and the tomatoes.

Cook only about twelve to thirteen minutes, the beans and the potato should be of course. Drain in a colander, put all over a hotbed bed or on a platter, and pour the sauce over it. Now, serve as to right properly.

#### Summer Fruit Tart

Prepare the Pastry Shell First. Cut ½ cup butter into a egg of white flour until the mixture resembles coarse sand. Mix together one whole egg, one egg yolk, a pinch of salt and ½ cup of sugar, and combine with the flour-butter mixture. Put it away to rest in the refrigerator for at least an hour.

Then, on a lightly floured board, roll it out carefully into an oblong—about one inches by fourteen inches. Roll it out on a buttered, oiled surface and make your own from aluminum foil, folded twice for sufficient thickness. The crust should have a raised edge about three-quarters inches high on all sides. Prick with a fork in several places and roll it in the freezer for an hour or so before baking at 375 degrees for about twenty minutes. Let it cool in the pan, then take it out and place on a wire, elegant serving platter.

Prepare the filling:  
3 ounces cream cheese  
½ cup sugar  
2 tablespoons grated lemon rind  
2 tablespoons lemon juice  
2 peaches  
6 to 7 small purple plums  
fresh raspberries  
¼ cup strawberry or blackberry jelly  
almond milk frost

Beat together the softened cream cheese, the sugar, lemon juice and half of rind until smooth and creamy. Spread evenly over the pastry shell.

Put the peaches and then the other fruits. Wash the strawberries. Cut the plums in half, without pitting, and take out the stones. Arrange these fruits in rows across the pastry, making up as fine a show of it as you can. Finally, melt the jelly and brush it over the fruit to give it a jewel-like gloss. Chill for an hour before serving.

The Vegetarian Epicure is its paperback form is \$9.95 and is published by Vintage Books.

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## SPORTS MURRAY KEMPTON

He was twenty when he began these rhapsodies, and he is supposed to have said then that the first two around the league were like riding through a beautiful park and getting paid for it. Out of all these players, only Wagdy Faid el Choueiri is still said for himself; everywhere else he is older than any piece of dirt upon which he stands.

All we can play in the major leagues who was there when he arrived. Five seasons are years in the life of a baseball player, he saw the Braves in Boston, in his golden career, he met them in Milwaukee's new, with the turning of his baton, he finds them in Atlanta.

Before the New York Mets had ever played one game as a team, Willie Mays had already hit more home runs than all but one player then in the Hall of Fame. By now, he has stolen more bases than Rabbit Maraziti, hit for more home runs than Ty Cobb or Babe Ruth, caught more fly balls than Ty Lunka, scored more runs than Boston Wagner and driven in more than Ted Williams.

You have to come early to the Mets' warm-ups to be certain of seeing Mays, more days than not, he won't even come to the public on some of his batting practice with the other pinch hitters, those "extra men" left over after the starting lineup has been named. He takes his extra two hours before game time with the Jim Newschamps, the Dave Marshall, the Ed Kuszynski, he has hit more than four times as many home runs in all three of these platoons put together. It is very soon indeed that Willie Mays is the only one among them who runs in the line when he has been asked "You got me, did you remember today," he laughs. He finds out how golden this driven man is to the game just past the infield. "That's a hit," he cries "You said to give me that." They rule him out. "Good-looking," he grins and reaches away to pick up balls for Coach Eddie Yost to hit to the fielders.

Then there comes a test he has meant as eternal child. For how he looks because, he said this to test the night. But then there arrives an afternoon when he has been scheduled to start, and there this open play on the batting cage a desperation like the pressure's

in his gut. The face stretched by the sunbaked skin along with Knute Rockne as the first unforgettingly remembered knock out suddenly evokes some photograph from Attila, the vodka flared, the eyes hot, the temper cool and nothing between him and deeper except self-interest.

Nugent who must pour into the world put on and never quite took off a mask that carried him through the ordeal of suspicion by great numbers of white people, Louis Armstrong was there to be sure he was in the occasional dark shadow that suggested how ancient was his hairiness and how often covered by the consciousness of the middle class that the Negro had personally kept the mask of constant joy whenever the audience was larger than a two-man person, still a private sensation of being green when with the years, had followed him back to New York, and he was not ashamed had been surprised to find him courted himself to please them.

He had been especially cheerful after the first evening he had seated up with



the team and the section had arisen for a pinch hitter and Manager Yost had seen in John Milner wanted of the Willie Mays for whose sight the crowd was crying. Bingham, then, was not an arrival at some place when arriving second of them coming into the field, quite suddenly viewed, because a runner on a fence, not turned he had to reach the fielders. It was indeed the pitcher's error, he had offered the Braves that he might be caught at home, which would give Ted Martinez time to get to third.

And only then did Willie Mays come down the line like thunder, ending in a leap at home, with the catcher squawking in halting understanding with him and the relay throw bouncing through an unprotected path and into the Montreal dugout. He was on his feet at once, his divisions had already passed Martinez in and he stood and he jumped up now to reveal the surprise, in even he needed to, that when the ball goes into the dirt, each player is entitled to one more base. Ted

one out, a run already in and Tito Franco an second, he could only stand and give the instant up to Willie Mays.

He does not want the lead. He wants for the hot dog to heavy and help him with his victory, three or four "kiddies"—the players any other time, but now the rapid drop of his.

There had him leading of Mike Torres, the Montreal pitcher, was not yet five years old the afternoon in 1951 when Willie Mays threw out Billy Cox from behind the plate. From that day on, he has been a ball traveling three hundred sixty feet to catch a fast man who had to run only slowly. Torres paid his respects to show down by throwing two balls, the first slowly down to the short, the second very close to the chest. Willie Mays then withdrew a strike and another ball—he seemed as quiet, as anxious, as someone in some Colombian figure of an athlete—then walked to protect himself with a foul tip and walked at last.

Ted Martinez came up to drive a long ball to right center and two outfielders

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Midvale 4/23 1st Place J. Kelly  
Sulphur 4/29 1st Place G. Soley  
Camden 5/17 1st Place B. Krosus  
Walling Glen 5/19 1st Place B. Krosus  
Lake Arrow 5/17 1st Place J. Kelly  
Sail Lake Labor Day 1st Place L. Mueller  
San Marcos Labor Day 1st Place T. Wrough  
Boyle Labor Day 1st Place J. Kelly  
Sirewey 5/21 1st Place G. Soley  
Phoenix 12/11 1st Place J. Kelly  
Daytona National Champ L. Mueller

### 1970

Pozono 5/12 1st Place K. Stagle  
Wentzville 5/26 1st Place G. Soley  
Riverside 7/16 1st Place J. Kelly  
Wentzville 7/16 1st Place G. Soley  
Lone Rock 7/16 1st Place J. Kelly  
Olathe 7/19 1st Place J. Spleck

Pittsburgh 8/12 1st Place J. Kelly  
Gastonia 8/12 1st Place K. Stagle  
Wentzville 8/16 1st Place J. Kelly  
Lone Rock 8/16 1st Place G. Soley  
Oven Valley 10/22 1st Place J. Spleck  
Road Atlanta National Champ J. Kelly

### 1971

Riverside 2/14 1st Place L. Mueller  
Olathe 2/14 1st Place J. Kelly  
Phoenix 5/27 1st Place L. Mueller  
Arkansas 5/27 1st Place J. Kelly  
Willow 5/14 1st Place M. Sawyer  
Sulphur 4/18 1st Place J. Kelly  
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Marble was waved home and those two runs were the unique possession of Willie Mays, who had hit nothing except one triple!

You remembered how often it had been said that Willie Mays knows more ways to beat you than across who ever played the game. But that was no more than common; and here was proof; and all historical memory was wiped out for that moment when Willie Mays had passed at third as if to say: here will be no prelude of an at-bat with runners. It was beyond any mere note of excitement, it was the tone of absolute authority. When we hear it in the home, it comes in often from the Delta (then from Kansas City). It grows in the house of smiling, isolated country children. It is much more loudly country doctored than it is actually black. The only baseball player before Jackie Robinson and Willie Mays who played with that almost brutal slouch we call the black style was Elmer Blalock of the Cardinals, a native of Rockwell, North Carolina. You read the tale in *Puck* where Sam Chittenden stands beside the wagon "tanned like a Python and taller than anyone there." Then that's gone; he said, "yes in the golden wagon. Then that ain't get out of the golden way." You can hear it in the old Verdi-Lang record of *Farwell Blues*, where there is a deal of slack and then a kind of stuttered note on the train-bone and Jack Tinsdale pulling everyone else aside. Sam Chittenden throwing his whiskey bottle away, Jack Tinsdale almost choking his throat, Willie Mays straining himself for the charge—three years to assemble the muskies, occasionally even vicious dirty of the Southern country boy's assumption that he is taking command of the city zone.

There were all the runs the Mays would have that afternoon; and they would be just enough to win. Willie Mays did nothing else except reach two fly balls and then twice correctly set a new record for total points by an outfielder in the whole baseball century. In the better money Yogi Berra did one of the most important things he was taught by Casey Stengel, in that case covering to the superstitious of the journalists for optimization. "I think Willie think that throw," he uttered. "You see him do that before. He comes down and tries to hit the plate at the same time as the throw to make it hard on the catcher." "Yogi has a lot," said Willie Mays affectionately. "You can't trace no throw like that."

And he departed the Philadelphia and on Saturday drove in the first run with a double and scored the winning run after a walk, and the next day he beat the Phillies with a home run, the last. Wednesday he scored the only run in a 1-0 defeat, and Thursday he was able to knock a tie with the Cubs after having played fourteen seasons. He had returned to New York from San Francisco as ball's gentleman, yet he had played six games and had produced or scored the winning run in five of them. In Chicago he hurt his finger, accom-

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killing the same fragment of first base, he was breaking and infrequently seen for the next two weeks. By June 8, he was healthy and married down to start a career in the Reds. By then he had come to last thirty-seven times at a bat and gotten on base fourteen of those, even so, in the shadow of responsibility came some more taxing him, he again withdrew into that headstrong silence from which no diplomatic gaze of his teammates could coax him forth. Isolated in the rubbing zone, he left them to work on the field and just before the game began.

It began and would and most alarmingly. The Commissioner of Baseball had come to the Stadium on May 10, wondering what sort of dynasty was being built here; but Doc's knee in the standbolder type, which it is said that he fell off a knee when he was four years old, or suffered some such blow to his return, and has since been unable to see in any manner any of an issue the promise of a baseball game. The Reds had since settled back to the smothering of the accustomed silence of team side to team, their arms and their gloves more than their bats and now they would win a close game and then they would lose another. And the day, on the first inning, the Reds fell for four runs on Tom Seaver, the league's most effective pitcher last year. The Reds built a run in the first, however righted himself thereafter but the game remained at four to one until the fifth when Mays singled off the pitcher's shoulder and there followed two runs. Tony Pérez hit a home run, and the Reds came to the bottom of the sixth behind, five to three. But Kneppel produced a gentle single, and then Willie Mays was up. He swung so hard at the first pitch that he hit his head, the impact of two consecutive blows so altered him and then, more noticeably than before, he swung and shot a single like a steam roller to left field. An often happens with him, you felt that the pitch had fooled him and that, in his person, he had simply overreacted. The note of a catcher he had been struck, he was on first and Kneppel on second and there were no outs. The side vibrated in the air and there it died. And Harrison headed and there came down from first and scored the ball and three out Kneppel at third. That led off the next two innings, exposed an infield grounders and Willie Mays was left at third.

He had had two hits for three official at bats, yet afterward his military plan was impeccable. It had been an afternoon to his enemy prospects. There were so many small things, a lost runner, a throw out at third base, the foundation stone of the pitching staff inexplicably shaky, such big hitters as the major holds falling—all signs that the Reds would never know the conduct of being enough ahead or the reputation of being enough behind. No, it would go on all summer, one more of those desperate adventures with an uncomparable team that Willie Mays had known so often before with the Giants on. (Continued on page 62)



George & Kathryn, high school and university friends.



Kathryn and her program, on the left, with her sister, Kathryn, and her sister, Kathryn.



When Kathryn & her program, on the left, with her sister, Kathryn, and her sister, Kathryn.



When Kathryn & her program, on the left, with her sister, Kathryn, and her sister, Kathryn.



When Kathryn & her program, on the left, with her sister, Kathryn, and her sister, Kathryn.

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WELL, I  
HOW ABOUT ME  
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All the while she sits alone on a couch, wondering what's true and how much she's in a genuine loveless situation.

The affair between Ghisla and Tom, such as it is, lasts some years, the last three or four punctuated by a long series of physical breakups—"He cut me, so I stopped him from the kitchen," my eye. I walked out about five weeks after of his rule. ... He attacked me so hard on the side of my head that he landed me down, and my ear was ripped apart from his ring. ... And so forth. The acts of violence become so commonplace in this book that at one point, where our Vanessa Van Dusen is locked in her apartment by her big friend and brother and battered for two weeks, I found myself also saying, and thinking, Ah, yes, the old book here in the apartment, and brother-and-brother's abuse. What is most frightful, my short all these fights is not just these things but that the women accept it as a matter of course, and even blame themselves for it. "I'll get a little pushy in a little while," my ex-husband, "and a man will beat off and march me. It's really my own fault." I'm a woman, he's a man, I drove him to it; it's my fault as well. It is, of course, nowhere near as simple as that. I don't pretend to be able to provide an answer as to why these women put up with what they do, but some of it has to do with a society structured on such a way as to make women believe that to be with a man—any man, an whatever form—was better than being alone. Only one of the women sees the women's movement as providing any reference to her situation. The rest want nothing to do with it, if they can. "I endorse the women's side of Women's Lib completely, but I don't go around shouting or burning my hair, because I think things like that only tend to consolidate men, and the New York male has already been consolidated beyond redemption."

The men in this book, are in every way as pathetic as the women they victimize. I could give examples after examples. There is a shamelessly unapologetic married man who attempts to reduce several of the women in this book and

there wants the problem his nearly to do with his own body. ("There's a lot for about an hour," says one of the women who becomes involved with him, "but when I go on for a month, that's a pretty good sign something's very wrong.") There is a statistic, overrepresented into a job he cannot handle, who keeps on and speaks to him, who keeps on and speaks to him, to his secretary. There is another man who becomes so disturbed when he has trouble off their suffer that he needs for a hot pepper, expensive in the mail, telephone her all night and hangs up, who takes her for such as her with children, and slips a val of end into her laundry mark leaves her bare.

One of the themes the women return to frequently in *The Girls in the Office* is their belief that men are just little boys, reborn with "hangovers in their brains like spider men." I have heard this theme sing so many times from so many women, and every time I hear it, I recall it is, in some way, a profound, man-made remark. Still, there is something to it. In the end, the film ends, promptly noted the movement between the stars of the *Therapist* and *Parity*, like Gable and Greer, who were given men with solid problems, and today's stars, like Ekhart Gould and Daniel Hoffman, who play the roles of some side-effects. I'm not saying that all men today are young side-effects, but there are a lot more of them than there ought to be. Their women put up with it, take it in fact, make them, believe their eyes by selling their own on—and find right into the real problem, which is not that men are little boys but that men don't like women very much, can't deal with their demands, their sexuality, their equality. The role of a corporation like Time-Life is to show—what literally delivers to each male employee a secretary or two—when he can dominate—would equate to an interesting school for a book. I'm sure that Jack Olson didn't take the time to go into that. So it is, however, he has produced a very depressing book about relations between the sexes—which is not enough, but it is something a beginning. \*

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## Autobiography (Polish It like a Piece of Silver)

by Richard Brautigan

I am standing in the cemetery at Byrds, Texas. What did Judy say? "God-forsaken is beautiful, too." A very old man, who has cancer on his face and takes care of the cemetery, is raking a grave in such a manner as to almost polish it like a piece of silver. An old dog stands beside him. It's a hot day. 105. What am I doing out here in west Texas, standing in a cemetery? The old man wonders about that, too. My presence has become a part of his raking. I know that he is also polishing me.

## FICTION HILTON KRAMER

To read certain writers is to be plunged into a story, like a child being read his first story, into a world of the primary emotions. The novel creates with its self-evident strategies and designs, more so directly in the distance. The authoring "I" of the modern writer is an unconscious although, it is the characters he has created, not the author himself, who consume all the action, leaving no suspense. Only later, when he has reviewed his work, does he begin to square into this mysterious artifice—so different from everything he has known to exist in the "real" world—modern writers—which effects its miracles without ever calling attention to itself.

For example, the postmodern. Being master of this traditional narrative but—so designed nowadays by veterans of the avant-garde, yet still as precise to the technique as the old-timey. Vladimir Senger writes his novels and stories as if all the modernist options were closed to him. There is no trick to his work of this quality of "recovered" techniques—collage, parody, sudden shifts of consciousness, or the device he has come to call a "double" or "triple" view over the events it presents—which holds so many contemporary writers of fiction in thrall. In its pure use of the old-fashioned devices of the storyteller—compass, beam, the straightforward depiction of character, and the last, and most of all, in Senger's fictional universe, one thing still leads directly to another, experience is still a seamless garment, a second, the self is still another dimension, a man's character is still his fate—a fate never to be confused with the alienation moves of an aesthetic theory.

The world Senger offers us in his fiction is a world of suffering, a world revealed with his own and others' choices, where history and human upshots struggle with the materials of a suspended spirituality for the possession of the soul's future. It is a world of love living—and dying—in the shadow of the Nazi holocaust. The most obvious narrative of the human mind have been demonstrated in the dimensions of the unconscious. Every ancient pathway of God's mind has been examined by the author of the novel. The spiritual has been used, implemented with the latest technology, yet the human creature survives—dances, laughs, cries, and yet with a lust for love that extends that is the only religious time of the God history has so triumphantly reminded.

Because of his preoccupation with demons and the supernatural, Senger has sometimes been mistaken for a symbolist, even a surrealist. The figures of his story, with the grotesque, the monstrous and severely constrained manner, has been taken to an escape

into myth, an easy means of folkloric evasion. The truth is, whatever his interest in the mystical and the irrational, Senger is a writer with a profound attachment to history. Every thing he writes comes from a deep, visceral sense of the tragedy that has overtaken the modern world—a tragedy that reached its scope in the Hitler terror but was everywhere manifested in the darkness and loneliness and frustration which the mechanism of "enlightened" modern life imposed upon the old spiritual life. He is also a writer with a profound sense of the crisis, which, when everything else, hope has perished, persists in its claim to life.

Senger's latest novel (*Emerson & Love Story*, Barnes & Noble, \$24.95), the first he has written with an unqualified New York edition, makes all this clearer than ever before. It also makes clear the nature of his long appeal. Despite the paradoxical atmosphere of his work and the deep vein of pessimism that informs it, Senger is one of



those rare writers who curiously extend our capacity about the most basic human predicaments. In *Emerson & Love Story*, he goes to a greater amount of love on the other side of death, of love among the dead, where the rules governing the present are in shadow and even pain seems deeper at having to live in a world where love is never in a world we rarely recognize as our own.

Bernard Reuter, the hero of *Emerson & Love Story*, is a survivor of the holocaust, but the very existence of his survival is a question. Hidden throughout the war is a boyhood by the infamous Polish god Yodanis, who worked as a servant in his parents' household. He carries the Godlike power of grace and gratitude, and brings her to live in an apartment at Coway Island after the war. His name is not Yodanis, who is a name, but a false in almost every respect, however. He pretends to be working as a book salesman, which is to make him seem to be a doctor, a doctor, whereas he actually does not live in Manhattan as a ghostwriter for a

modern writer whose worldly success he holds in contempt. His only passion is for the beautiful Masha, his mistress, a survivor of the death camps, who lives with her dying mother in a tiny room. In Masha's apartment he establishes a second home, which he visits on his distant sailing trips and where their bodies create life together in a haunted by the darkness of the past and the blind play of the present.

In this great life of devotion and passion, told in a delicate balance by Senger's remembered love and Yodanis's passionate passion, even though—the wife he believes to have been shot by the Nazis. Thomas's passion brings this precious double life to a crushing end, but it is precisely at this point, when all of Senger's deeper desires have been revealed, that the most fantastic complications of his life begin. He marries his mistress without knowing either of his wives. He gives Yodanis the child she has always wanted, and allows her to be converted to the religious faith he himself no longer observes. For a while he even assumes the pose of a true believer, yet in the end it is his passion for Masha that precipitates the downward. It is left to the devoted Godlike parent to uphold the faith of his successor, while Senger himself moves to the only step for which life has prepared him—the destiny of the narrative darkness of all experience.

As in everything Senger has produced, this haunting tale of a man with three wives—three "mothers" who seem to have more of a claim on his existence than he has himself—is written with an astonishing graphic force. Only now it is not *Emerson & Love Story* that is ended with such absolute conviction, but *Coway Island* and the *Brown and White End Avenue*. Senger has moved from the literary world to the very center of the FBI with remarkable ease and subtlety, and he has brought with him the full force of his literary power. For Senger, while other men merely in field of that literary power—of one technique and yet profoundly sympathetic—that is a distinction of Senger's humanity. Senger's is not a human intention to wound. It is nothing in common with those virtuous Presidents condemn that pass for human in the work of certain American politicians. It is not a human intention to settle the scores of a powerless individual. It is a human deeply reflective of the character of the universe. It is, in other words, a form of wisdom rather than revenge.

Wisdom, it is in this, too, that Senger's appeal lies. It is not the wisdom of human passion. Senger Reuter is the very archetype of the solution. The cause that he acts in is not a cause, but a desire, a desire of combination and of truth. "From outside to in," Senger reflects at



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## FILMS THOMAS BERGER

**T**he Green Wall, a Provencal film written and directed by Armand de Balzac today, is that sweet, naive, romantic fantasy, which is to say one in which the characters are represented as what used to be known as idealistic animals, themselves as idealistic humans. A little family of three—husband, wife, and young son—leaves the sugared city of Lima to travel in a remote jungle, where the father, a naive tabaco, the mother cooks by kerosene, and the little boy plays with a homemade waterwheel. The wife, Maria, has had so good through a good, naive Kaffia-like wanderer of a husband before going the deed to the land—even though the official policy is to encourage homesteading. Now, with the father in California, some funkiness, whose appearance is due to more government largesse, another begins to end down his tobacco plant. Maria makes an error journey by foot to the nearest town, to complain to the government agent. While he is away, the boy, Ricardo, is bitten by a venomous snake.

What follows is two scenes to be quickly remembered here. I strongly urge you to see this noble picture, so carefully photographed in exquisite color. The father is handsome and brave, the mother lovely and gentle, the child beautiful and lovable. They are portrayed by three excellent actors named, in turn, Julio Aleman, Raula Bero, and Noel Martin.

I did not see the French play entitled *A Day in the Death of Joe Kays*, in the Broadway version of which, if memory serves, Albert Finney starred. Alan Bates plays the leading male role in the picture. As with *The Green Wall*, we have a three-member family, but quite another kind than the Provencal home-owners. Bates plays the father, and Janet Runnells the mother, of a spoiled child, who is a cruel and terrible thing and one of the most depressing films I have ever seen. The kind of thing that probably must be told but not shown, he is turned to. Bates performs with his usual distinction, and Janet Runnells, an Academy Award nominee for her work in *Woman and Dog*, plays a particularly good Young Elizabeth. Richard is remarkable as the vegetable daughter, a role that no doubt will be a demanding one in the picture, yet as easy as she ever has. Peter Mullan, author of the play, did the script, and so one could write an autobiography of his life without some personal experience of it, I think, and my heart goes out to him, but I am about embarrassed to admit that the picture evokes in me more revelations than compassion, and no reflection at all. One throws up his hands and asks, "Yes, it's a pity, but what do you want of me?" The answer is, of course, "A witness." But in due case that would be one other peculiar dream.

Speaking of dream, somewhat more broadly, I was not invited to a free

screening of *The Green Wall* and the Stockholm, a movie produced by an arm of the American British Committee and shown in Boston, but perhaps with an idea they were getting a (just one) behind my back, I bought a ticket just as I thought I was a real person and entered a theater in which, appropriately enough, the audience seemed to be made up of much the same sort of people as those directed in the film.

But the Baptists and Mr. Rogers should be pleased to know that their guitar was received with reverence and shown—at least until the conversion of the most intelligent gang leader to fundamentalism. Certainly there a few groups were awarded, rather than that shown, one is ready to say. But I fear we will not say it, though I found the movie in large part incredible. Some plays a moving picture from Washington who has the offender to come, awarded, to New York to straighten out the adolescent gang



problem. Naturally, he accomplishes this during the day in a week or so in the calendar of fiction and about twenty minutes as the camera runs. The most surprising one, that of a young female, played by a particularly gorgeous starlet named Julia Green, who, though too poor to feed her baby, has a wonderful appearance to her. It is, in essence, very, very easy to see.

But why, you correctly ask, waste time and paper on the device of Rome and her present, when we are of the Republic of the United States? Well, I suspect that you for this, that I am going to believe that, too my money (making me buy my own ticket, I just realized, may have been a shrewd, abrupt, device to pass on the collection plate). Rome plays the character David Wilkinson with a dignity and conviction which are not without force. Men of the press are a

different sort of bully from those who carry switchblades and perhaps, under the aspect of starchy, more actual Rome-if cinema seems to me to be the best man and perhaps appearance, but probably not sure.

I should mention that there is a French David Wilkinson in real life and that film is entirely based on his career in the slums. On leaving the theater I overheard one of the more worried young ladies ask another, rather gently, "Did they say that this happened, or that it really happened?"

Every Little Crack and Mr. Rogers on John Hunter's novel of the same name, is a film about the kidnapping of a gangster's son by an English newspaper. One running gag, passed repeatedly by virtually every character on either side of the rock, is "There is no Mafia." Another, almost as persistent, has to do with the big breasts of the big boss's wife, which are always called "bustle" (even by the little boy, who obviously is fond of his mammy's), just as prostitutes are invariably termed "strawberry" in the post-World War II jargon of the PG film. A strong, cultured little music teacher, played by Woody Allen in his role as Antonia, is the last of much that is jargon, beginning with the subtitle slide in which the picture here is claimed as his fingers, after which he is placed atop the instrument and pushed down a staircase.

In short, Every Little Crack and Mr. Rogers is big, stink, Hollywood rubbish, smug, relatively harmless, even from time to time, serving, serving, serving to a number of able performers, Don DeLoe, John Astin, Paul Ford, and at a minor role, Josephine Trevis, whom a sharp eye might identify as the pre-feminist partner of Green—Richard. But then which a better model comedy has never been made. As in *Little Crack*, who plays the name, she must say her talent is more than able, but that she is here given little opportunity to show it.

However, I shall now ask you to ignore my standstillness and buy a copy of *Every Little Crack* and *Mr. Rogers* for the reason that it stars the great Victor Mature, returning to the screen after an absence of some 20 years. Mature, in the old days always was a much better actor than was understood by those who, exploring his figure and a face that seemed to be made of metal, took him as Balaam and Chief Crazy Horse. The grotesque parody of his staidness in which he was often caricatured, and from which his popular reputation derived, occupied him not at all for such a superb job of straight characterizing as the role of Frankie in *I Wake Up Screaming*. That was 1942. Thirty-one years later, as Mafu, born Camille Gurnee, he is mature, vigorous, relaxed, authentic, and splendid. 36

May 18 and 19, 1973 my review from May 18 and 19, 1973 my review in the magazine, FIC April 1973



Big tension going up... only freedom coming down. And now you can relax with the full-bodied flavor only one cigarette delivers...

This...is the  
L&M moment.

RICH, RICH L&M

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

## TRAVEL NOTES

### RICHARD JOSEPH

Everywhere in this issue you'll find our choice of top dog travel tips and shortcuts, outstanding travel adventures, a goodly number of them in Europe. Up until fairly recently it would have made little sense to talk about European travel in a magazine coming out in mid-August because by then most travelers headed for Europe would already have gone home. Now, though, with the summer and the weeks who surround them have combined to make off-season travel, especially in Europe, more attractive.

There are two big advantages to mid-June, just as the rushdramas are beginning to crest, but we're more than willing to bet that by the time you read this, the word will be out that this has been the most uncomfortable European travel season since transatlantic flying really got under way twenty years ago. We have this and predictions to us are observations on a just completed trip that covered a distance farther than around the world. The cruise season was added by our traveling from New York to Hong Kong via Europe and the Middle East and then doubling back the same way instead of continuing along the shorter route across the Pacific, and this, in turn, was due to the fact that the trip was made partly as a result of Air France's cessation of 747 service between Paris and Hong Kong. Regulations of the International Air Transport Association say you cannot airplane to inside passenger info in some along wherever they open up a new route or introduce new equipment.

Our itinerary included stopovers in Bangkok, Beirut and Paris, with a side trip to Tunis on the way back, and when we were ready for the first stopovers were being booked in various parts of the world and hotel managers shut up more than a hundred people in the 747 Air France. The resulting tightness of security measures, while obviously necessary, has been making for a rather unpleasant experience all over the world, and the barrier the photohubs the greater the misery.

Flights headed from Europe through the Middle East were arriving there the hour late at Hong Kong due to security checks along the way and coming back from Hong Kong we fully loaded Air France 747 just as it closed two hours in Tehran, the last stop before 747 Air, as every piece of baggage was taken off the plane, identified and checked, and then reloaded.

The situation can't improve much until some way is found to end the travel restrictions on airlines and airports, which by regulation of the proposal by the International Air Line Photo Association to improve conditions which require to provide baggage and it's bound to have reached its state during the summer travel rush.

Getting back to our mission of the best off-season travel tips, since this

means that we think packaged tours represent the best way to travel? Yes it does, and so it doesn't, depending on the type of tour, the sort of traveler and what he's looking for. Some tours we've mentioned, such as Alaska Airlines' Siberian itinerary and Landlord's cruises to the Azores and the Seychelles, represent just about the only economical means of getting to the regions they cover. And BAAT's larger Blue Tour of London, with its price of \$241 breaking down to about \$100 a day, including air fare from New York, is one of the cheapest ways to spend a two-week vacation abroad we've ever heard of. What's more, LCC's (Leila and Tour Charters) air-sponsored cruises such as Coastal and P&A, and G&T's (Group Initiatives Tours) such as P&A Am's and TWA's fifteen-day cruises to London, Paris and Rome, enable the traveler to benefit from low group rates while still being pretty much on his own to do what most interests him while he's abroad.

Certainly the escorted group tour, requiring travel in mass, is not ne-



cessarily for the younger, more sophisticated, self-reliant traveler who is bound for off-the-beaten-path. And yet, thanks to the economies of transportation and hotel-keeping these days call for the promotion of mass travel, after all the expense of the individual or family traveler. Cost of operating a wide-bodied 747 or DC-10 is far lower per passenger seat than those of the older and smaller jets, a three-hundred-passenger hotel is just about the smallest that can be reasonably expected to operate in the black, and the larger the hotel, usually, the greater its profit potential. Catering to large groups is the best way to fill plane seats and hotel rooms, but it's also the most effective means of cheapening and diluting the travel experience.

On this recent trip we shared the three great hotels in Paris, Air France's 1021-room Miroslav, the Ritz on Rue de Rivoli and the 343-room PLM Hotel Montmartre in Montmartre. The first

two obviously have been designed primarily for the group tour and convention business, and even in the suburban Club Med we saw a group of people going for the day. So the third, a small hotel, is the only one that might be called a true Parisian hotel.

Both the Miroslav and the PLM Hotel Montmartre are impressive in their size, the extent of their facilities, and their low rates compared to other Paris hotels of their category, as well as in their history. The PLM Hotel Montmartre has a bank of computers that might be called the Miroslav Computer Center.

But the difference and the attraction of the group tour members we saw assembling in the lobby and remodeling the elevators seemed a harbinger of the kind of Parisian hotel that we had seen, which still harbored the American tourist.

Follow passengers in one of the elevators were watching on stairs of French bread as we descended to the lobby, one of them distinctly complaining that "Volody here speaks American," and we were treated to this cocktail:

"It's not out to Yr-ahnd?"  
"What's that?"  
"It means, but they're not the same!"  
"What?"  
"Now certainly these travelers might never see Europe if it weren't for group tours, and undoubtedly it's especially useful for them in the comparison their attitude toward the United Nations might be softened as a result of their journey. But all this doesn't exactly create the atmosphere we go ahead to find."

So what is the traveler who wants to escape the mob to do? Yes, use, in the first, spend money. France's Hotel de Ville can only accept two groups but its rate is so high that it isn't even listed in the Miroslav guide. It has that subtle sort of elegance compounded almost equally of aristocratic luxury and the economic virtues of its guests. But at Le Bristol you'd pay anywhere from about \$35 to \$50 a day for a double room including tax and service, compared to about \$20 at the PLM Hotel Montmartre and \$12 to \$18 at the Miroslav.

Or you might seek out a small hotel, family-run, perhaps recommended to you by a knowledgeable friend who had stayed there. But then, too, has its disadvantages as hotels change and managers move around. Some years ago, for instance, Frangere Segre recommended to us the Hotel St-James, a little thirty-room family hotel on the left bank. Friends who stayed there thought always reported strongly. But recently a letter from a reader showed us we could get a list of recommended hotels we saw last October.

The one best suggestion we can offer for escaping the crowd: Get out of town, go to the off-road area, tell us



When it's gone,  
the party isn't over.  
It just isn't the same party.

Say "Johnnie Walker Red." You won't get it by just saying "Scotch."



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## MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

On the Friedrich's study of Berlin in the pre-Nazi years. (The New York Review, August 6, 1989, \$10) is so full of issues for me, as it, I'm glad to say, is for many others, that I can't get it down from time to time to this bench. The role, the lucky accident, the romantic young Weidenreich, his mysterious obsessions, his gritters and mutings of love, the young student romantically adored by him and all into the ranks of the Hitler Jugend, the respectable man and his magnificent, the New Star, the politician, the transgressor, the poet, the poet, in his proletarian face, from Karl Weill the musician and Max Beerbaum, the soprano; we stand before the Shakespearean laboratory from after to collect the scene, the scene of the world writing, with nothing to lose but their paper money, earned out by the Social Democratic Government's printing press in ever greater profusion, until, between breakfast and lunch, reflections become infinitely. I just remember it all as a very young man.

The book is the better, as I consider, for being written by a highly competent journalist. Mr. Friedrich, a handsomely talented of fading magazines, rather than by some aging historian as, even worse, we might expect. Friedrich's account of the decline and fall of The Saturday Evening Post was a first-class job of reporting; also, I remember with admiration his "Journalist in Berlin: A Job as Historical Examination of a German romantic novel and its by and by and yesterday." He has applied the same skill and determination to reconstructing the Berlin scene of the Twenties, seeking out survivors, many of them now settled in the United States, for their memories and comments. Some of them speak with nostalgia of their Berlin days, but to me, I confess, Friedrich's account is a little more like a focus on the chaos of horror ages it, not just because we know the outcome: Hitler's Third Reich, and all the appalling consequences which followed, but also, looking up to the year of 1933-45, and six of the most deliberately destructive parts in recorded history. My mind is full of the report of destruction. I use so evocatively in preparation, which must necessarily lead to the same devastation.

How about that, for instance, from an Augustan manuscript in 1938? Don't it just the sort of all-pervasive to be heard in any European today?

"We believe that our first duty is to defend all our energies to the literal recuperation of a young and free Germany. We plead for the restoration of all things. We insist upon unlimited freedom of expression. We shall fight from front and rear. . . and we shall fight against all backwardness and reaction, thereby, without reserve, and

with all the powers at our command." Or, even more seriously, this, from the memorandum of George Gurn, the brilliant secretariat of bourgeois democracy in the Weimar years:

"This document is a memorandum. We best thinking in and out of doors because foolish people, unable to sense in their houses, could go up on the roof and shout out unthinkingly at anything they saw. Once, when one of these rogues was caught and faced with the man he had shot in the arm, his only exclamation was, 'That I thought it was a big paper!'"

The chaos reaches us as very obvious an understated, aesthetic and spiritual attack upon a financial one, with money, money and not to be lost but in ordinary features, the disappearance of any sense of a moral order in the extreme feeling expression in disorder in government, in the economy, in the education and the house, and finally in the streets, where brown-shirted hooligans and girls take charge in the name of their great Führer. Such was the dream created

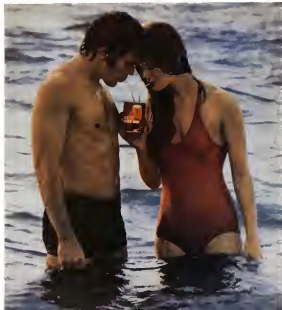


in Berlin in the Twenties, and resulted in Berlin the Twenties, leading to its own destruction in the Twenties. But that new Berlin then can ever forget it? The biggest rubble lies in the mountains of the ruins and, moving about in it, making little sense and others for themselves, some confusion, who used concrete and steel for curbside, as well as their bodies if they were veritable enough—which they frequently weren't, even though they fit the Red Army and other liberators, were not particularly faithful. That, surely, was the end, we thought. A fantasy forever. But no, not, not of the rubble the city rose again, the time to glow and cheer and hope, and with a well known which to peak at the world to come. Whoever wants to understand all this, and see the same parts, the same crisis for freedom, and the same violence are creeping, not just in Berlin, but throughout what we still like to call the Free World, should take a look at One Friedrich's book, the only difference

being that now fascism calls itself anti-fascism, and the answer is a Clockwork Orange.

Every age has its own special last. Just so, in the Shakespearean scene, Karl H. G. Wells was my favorite for the twentieth century, remembering, as he did, a better world in the metropolitan of science to promote the hawk, wealth and happiness of mankind with a sense of his time in the children, embodied in fictional characters like Mr. Pops and Kip, usually by the best of his intentions. Thus, he could be released, perhaps to longer his performance with occasional humor, the openly voice emerging slowly from the plain little body as he prophesied the dawn of tomorrow's felicity according to the mood of the moment. Without any doubt, he usually has disappeared today as Doctor Doom, as well as Wells was today, he went deep and slow as Wells's own quick and sharp, but performing essentially the same function. How pleased I was, then, when a biography of this remarkable, seldom and rarely forgotten man came into my hands (Doctor Doom, by Lynn S. Bloom, Doubt, Merril, 1989). Also, I cannot pretend that it has filled all my hopes. Mrs. Bloom (who I met from the first place in "Tales in the World of American Science, It's Who is the Mother, Director of American Science, and Shakespeare's others," which seems a lot of things) is so serious about the other world that in a way she contradicts some of her subject's major comedy. All the same, I am grateful to her for providing useful material the building up my own picture of him.

We are told as a busy mind, in Shakespeare puts it "mowing and picking in the water's stream." Evidently he was exceptionally strong personal qualities, becoming in due course a poet, a scholar, and in that capacity producing his magnificent book, Pops and Child Care, which has gone on selling millions of copies and allowed the whole accepted literary world to live on it. Or, perhaps, through the other hand it is regarded in the most likely responsible for the public characterisation of so many of today's poets. As though this were not enough, he turned in due course to fiction, leading us at last to the Penguin, standing tall with the American William S. Maugham, Jr. far away, being remembered, and then having the element preserved, finally, becoming a Presidential candidate, but not, as far, reaching the White House. Although this novel, while serious, I had a curious notion, at most too slow to mention—that somehow by Pops he was a genuine contribution to some other than General de Gaulle's Supremacy, I asked myself, Dr. Pops had (Doubtless on page 102)




## Club Cocktails. They go where you go.



Club Cocktails are surprisingly delicious, ready to drink ready cocktails. Hardstuff. A Whiskey Sour in the open fresh air is a picnic to remember. Dine the Daiquiri, Martini and any of the 8 other Club Cocktails. A fresh drinker pop-top, quick-chill can. Don't forget the straw.



A vintage advertisement for Hart Schaffner & Marx. The background features three men standing in front of a biplane. The man on the left is looking towards the center. The man in the middle is looking directly at the camera. The man on the right is looking slightly to his left. They are all wearing patterned suits with ties and lapel pins. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

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The Escadrille Collection of suits and sport coats. It's different. But then, so is the man who wears it.

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the American Man  
since 1887

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## Sexually sophisticated

True sophistication always accompanies the realization of the religious dimension. Without it, there's little to be learned with the best, the ultimate is impossible. Figure it is to be rewarded for the dimension of the objective report on Rachel Sweet and the Asia Institute (directed by Jerry Haden, July).

She is obviously a nice gal. Thank you for recognizing it and sharing it with the rest of us.  
Dr. DAVID P. HENLEY, Pastor  
Heritage Baptist Church  
Aspen, CO

## Consumer report

Tom Hogg's article on F100 worth of my improvements (*Yow! Go! Devores a Little Something Known, July*) left out some of the best improvements available.

1. A heavy-duty radiator. An HD radiator is easily installed with no cutting or welding. Some trucker-engine packages, it can be bought separately for about \$10, and will do a better job of cooling the engine and transmission in very hot climates.

2. Transmission or engine oil cooler. Either one will do an excellent job of keeping the transmission or engine cool and running, and this will add years to the life of the engine. An motor oil is promoted to operate effectively at a normal range of temperatures (150-160 degrees), be sure that the oil cooler is thermostatically controlled. Either one should cost about \$10.

3. Deflection units. Some cars (like my Torino) have a blind spot forward caused by the rearview mirror. But by simple adjustment of the reference point, the danger of possible rearward vision. And this is a subtle adjustment to the convenience for us drivers. The cost may depend on other options.

Otherwise, the article was fair to good, assuming that the concept under a body against about most authors.  
JOHN W. GARDNER  
States Island, N.Y.

## Movie, rated X

I found *A Driver Called Ned* in my July issue depressing & not too funny. During the Marx Brothers' relatively limited span of success on the stage and in film, these blind of me comedy and slapstick was briefly funny and refreshing. However, their actions seem less topical and more.

It is typical of Groucho's fantasies to put them Chaplin's second film as failures, where some film critics maintain most of Chaplin's failures he found shortcomings in a director, writer, and actor. In contrast, the Marx Brothers receive more criticism in the history of entertainment, with Groucho for an added line or two for his odd efforts later in his career.

At either end, it is rather pleasant

that Groucho in receiving some little movie criticism, although predictably it is somewhat out of proportion to his contributions to American comedy. His behavior during the interview more than justified the title of the article, and it is probably better justice that he write up his somewhat rambling act with an explicit brand.  
DONALD C. CARTER  
Great Falls, Mont.

## The vasectomy controversy

Re: *The Vasectomy Deceit*, by John F. Fried, June issue. I would like to add a word of criticism to my "Public Contradictions" that of safety. In the well-known studies, when men consider the question of absolute and reliable infertility, vasectomy, experience has shown that vasectomy far exceeds all other methods of contraception, including the pill, I.U.D., diaphragm, condom, and abstinence, in the lack of side and potential complications.

It should be like to emphasize the term "well chosen candidate," for it is here that vasectomy becomes an act rather than a mechanical act. It is for the man that used well-informed and responsible consultation requires an in-depth overview and educational session with both the candidate and his wife before recommending vasectomy.

If indeed, as Mr. Fried has suggested, vasectomy causes a bad attitude, it should assume it as the basis of its own merits, as desirable, not because "it's selling" but because by private groups... I who may have other interests. Let us ensure their individual or group, and not the procedure. Speaking as one who has had a vasectomy (without regret), and as one who has recommended vasectomy to friends and family, I must conclude that for the well-chosen couple who have completed their reproductive commitment, there is no better method of contraception.  
ARTHUR E. ROBINSON, M.D.  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Contraception is a structural part of protection. The Vasectomy Deceit. It contains just enough scientific content and one-sided data to mislead the layman and misrepresent the procedure to all men who might wish a simple and effective method of birth control. For example, the small amount of tissue removed during vasectomy is always contained biologically in the semen. No physician would leave to chance a pregnancy resulting from failure to return the removed tissue or would neglect to check the actual fluid for sperm afterward. Physicians are not the expected result of failure to return the removed tissue. In the case of a woman where vasectomy is not recommended, re-examination occurs, the procedure is simply repeated without notification to the patient. Also, vasectomy

complications following vasectomy are very rare, certainly nowhere near the ten percent implied by this article. After more than 400 operations in the John Peter Smith Hospital vasectomy clinic at Fort Worth, not a single complication resulted from vasectomy.

The complaint that vasectomy has been "extended on vast numbers" during the last ten years without proper investigation or research is pure hogwash. The first systematic research on the effects of vasectomy in humans was started back in 1920, and the first vasectomy for purposes of sterilization in humans was performed in this country in 1908. Since then, numerous studies and investigations have been conducted. As for the psychological effects of vasectomy, it is recommended for those who have carefully considered the procedure and are fully aware of its consequences. Certainly, no responsible counselor entertains the notion that a vasectomy is necessarily going to make a bad marriage good or a good marriage better. It is simply a method of birth control, and a damn good one.

By the way, the cover picture of a (contrasting) female in full virginity, with a smiling face and a sexy pose was just great. Anyone seen? I am sure there are a few more.

EVAN BROWN  
Institute of Behavioral Research  
Texas Christian University  
Fort Worth, Tex.

## Remix of fiction

Congratulations to John Barth's *Disordered*, June. The best work I've read, and a splendid tape of things to come—after these long years of *Refugee* and *Barth's* has been so much to the mode. Barth's where we all need to go if we want to write good stories now.

THOMAS P. GILBERT  
Beverly Hills, N.Y.

## Great cars

Your column, as reported in the June issue, that Bill Clinton "couldn't even lose about clothes" is nothing more and nothing less than a sad and sad story. He has lost his car, and he has lost his car.

The suggestion you offered in your previous column regarding a shorter story and a higher price to the market is a good idea. In the light of his actual measurements which are, of course, not our previous information. I would be most appreciative of this world to be on the record and perhaps in a future issue you might give equal space to what we mostly believe is a very desirable transaction.  
MICHAEL MASTROPIETRO  
President, Saxon Cloth Ltd  
New York, N.Y.

(Continued on page 142)

# Micronite filter. Mild, smooth taste. For all the right reasons. Kent.



America's quality cigarette  
King Size or Deluxe 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 7 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av.  
100's: 23 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Apr. '73.



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**Students of America!**  
**Do you feel lonely,**  
**ignored, insecure and confused?**  
**You should.**



*This is a man painting the picture of great kids of yesterday. Not you.*

The painter is Harvey Dinnerstein, who has for several years maintained the tradition to paint a big picture showing the Movement steadily and whole, and in this end traveled during the Sixties to places like New Orleans City, Kent State, the march on Fort Dix (all just names to you, kids, right?), and made a number of sketches, some of which appeared in this magazine in September, 1970, and some of which got incorporated into the program apart from its work on above, and which is reproduced overleaf. Those were the days when kids were making that down California, dropping Harvard, increasing Berkeley for years, burned down a Stanford ROTC building, blocked busy trains and draft boards all over America, drove Lyndon Johnson right out of office, and wrecked everything for the 1968 Democratic National Convention, in fact, if it hadn't been for the kids, Lyndon

Johnson or Hubert Humphrey would be President today. That was power! That was action! No wonder every town a kid seemed to be in the Sixties. Time has come down with a raging fever, so wonder Jerry Rubin had a TV crew bigger than Arthur Raskin's disease of today. S.D.S. was more feared, more discussed and more catered to by the media than the Communist Party, the Blackbirds and the Duke of Windsor all rolled into one. Those were the Golden Years of American kidhood: but now how changed you are, how fallen! When the United States seized Hanoi's harbor, part of you at Columbia went out on part of a strike that lasted part of a week, and at Berkeley the only response was a little light trucking and the night-savannah (epiphany) of a sense of People's Park. When Senator J. Edgar Hoover, this country's buckskin and-wine professor, some grumbled and some crumbled

and some ran about, but most of you confused your rebellion to writing letters. And even when you got serious, nobody noticed: the descriptions at Boston University last April got maybe two notices of column space in The New York Times. Why, some of you today don't even know what the front end of a television camera, or a beer you got, looks like. Well, hell, we still love you anyway, hanging on you one, and we've gone out among you and prepared this collage section to prove it, but before you read more about yourselves, just turn over the page and take a look at Mr. Dinnerstein's paradise as you'll know what great things the most idolatrous generation ever—the one before you—was into. We had a lot of kids in kids' mode, but if you don't realize what you've done and mind your ways was many less it, if you don't shape up out there, nobody over thirty will ever treat you again!

Photographed by Geddy Chavira, painting created by Harvey Dinnerstein

CIRCLE SEPTEMBER 76





## In your heart of hearts you're thinking maybe about joining a fraternity

This picture would make some kind of sense if the kids in it were black. Christianity, submission of the individual to the group, social elitism, the exclusion of outsiders from all the fun—we can see how these things would have great utility in Alpha Phi Alpha or one of the other black fraternities; and in fact they do have great utility, because the black fraternities are booming. But the people in this picture are members of Delta Phi at Johns Hopkins, where about half the freshman class pledged because this year, as compared

to about thirty five percent the year before. In fact, pledges were up about ten percent last year nationwide. For the first time in recent history. What ever happened to that bright, idealistic generation that was so ambivalent to step the way and surrender the System, it had no time to mess around with irrelevant attitude and pledge choice? Fraternities, in the end, have changed. Delta Phi used to check its escape on a small band of brothers from expensive Eastern prep schools, but this year Delta Phi Executive Director Joseph

Shore told us: "We used to be one of the socially elite fraternities in the East, but now it's just something where people can identify with the kind of people they want to live with." And a lot of Hopkins freshmen said that nothing had been farther from their minds when they entered at fifteen than fraternities, but after a while they began to look pretty good. All right for you, kids, you have to sleep somewhere, but we never thought you'd turn out to be just a heap of people that make a house your home.

## Your pot parties have turned into beer busts

Once again the love of possession is a disease with you. In the evil fifties, kids used to just offer sports cars, chandeliers, juke boxes. These in the early Sixties it was Beat wreaths, first-edition Tolstoes, Personality Profiles, moustaches. Of course, gossamer-fancy kids didn't want these things for their ultimate qualities but for their scarcity, not everyone can have sports cars or Beat wreaths. Then came the revolution. All that gossamer suddenly disappeared overnight, because all a yero-

literary snail is a complete working theoretical knowledge of the capital-imperialist economic system. Any body can have that for the asking, and the same goes for an ounce of marijuana. Why then, asking him? Look here at these kids from Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge, where the drinking age is eighteen and any kid can drink all the beer he wants. How could the System reject the deadly poison of alcohol-smoking into a substitution as simple as that? Alas, it was easy. About a year and a half ago

some kid, whose name has been lost, trampled a case of 40 at Coors down from Baton Rouge, which is the closest place to Baton Rouge where Coors can be found. Ever since, therefore, from Baton Rouge have been encouraged to bring Coors with them, and literary men have been known to drive off 425 miles from L.S.U. to Dallas just to load up on Coors. Meanwhile, we got told, smoking and drinking have lost value for the progressive element. We never thought to see Cosmopolitan Elitism in the mode of the hard hat. It hurts.





## What you really like is girls who shave their legs

These are the Song Girls of the University of California at Los Angeles, and if you were a serious person, as Tom Hayden was a serious person,

you wouldn't even have read this far, would you, but you have? And if you weren't still incited by porno scenes, you wouldn't have looked at the pe-

tees either; but you did! Reading clockwise from upper left, you looked at the Song Girls in their football-game outfits, their ball-time basketball



outfits, their non-ball-time basketball outfits, and, finally, their orchestral-only career Natalie Wood, 1987's special, which opens with a montage

number to *Rock Around the Clock* that proved so popular with audiences that the girls incorporated it into their regular routine. And if you were Tom

Hayden, you would refuse to know that this pair sixty-four UCLA females applied to be Song Girls. But you can't, so make the best of it.



## You only think of one thing...

If you are what you eat, no wonder as many of you have turned into vegetarians this year. One of our reporters wandered recently into what ought to have been a campus cafeteria (at West) and was offered a choice between a) Crunchy Chronicle with zucchini and yogurt and b) soybean sand-wiches. The Stanford Book Store didn't separate seeds along with the Whole Earth Catalog, but that's not the worst; the worst is that those of you who can't eat the organic/vegetarian food buy are into some other food monster.

At Berkeley, for example, Telegraph Avenue, the Flat Alley of the good old days, is full of businesses selling ordinary ethnic cookbooks—John Child Graham from area James Beard—like, oh, hot cotton. So many of you at Berkeley are cooking at home now that the University Food Service stopped serving dinner for lack of interest. The Daily Californian features food columns. At Chapel Hill, the University of North Carolina is sustaining business in raw dumplings as a response to pigs for demand. We had a talk with a kid

to try and find out why so many of you are thinking about your stomachs all the time. Like this:  
EQ: Are you cooking more?  
Student: Oh, yes.  
EQ: Why?  
Student: Well, it's relaxing.  
EQ: How about your friends?  
Student: Yes, them too.  
One thing's for sure: if your fingers are walking through the sleeping board, you're not going to be out making the kitchen. Let the stove belong to the streetwise and Master Sauce trucks!

## ...because you're still hung up about the other thing

Of all the ways you could have let us down, this is the most unacceptable, because we can't bring ourselves to use the right words. Our promises taught us that one was nasty when your recent predicaments went to Woodstock back in 1969 and, well, did it right there in front of everybody, we thought it meant kids were free of those black jaguars that spat out our poor old lives. Now we stand in the poems that the biggest problem at Ivy League schools often is and suffer in sexual and identity crises. We thought you'd help us out, but instead it takes

all the people on this page just to help you at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, the two adults in the middle are Philip D. Harvey (beard) and John J. Quinn, the co-founders and marketing director of Adam & Eve. Harvey's firm and only cosmopolitan boutique (not connected with the university), the brand of the bottom is Robert Wilson, director of the Human Sexuality Information Service, which has an office on campus where over thirty counselors put in time answering questions on the phone or in person about everything from

abortion referral to physiology and technique questions, the girl talking to Mr. Wilson is Janet Starnes, who is co-editor together with a professor of obstetrics and gynecology of a weekly column on sex in the student newspaper, and tell the other people are only a few of Mr. Wilson's counselors. Besides that, a student-edited compendium of sex information called Elephant and Parthenon has sold twenty thousand copies through UNC book stores. If there's such a demand for information, there must be either a lot of ignorant kids or a lot of parents.





## Great issues do not become you

Some of you have had your head buried in Wounded Knee for too long. This man sitting off to the side is H. D. Thomas Williams, a Yanki Indian who

for twenty years has danced before the feet of guests at the Stanford Indians. Last spring fifty-five Indian students petitioned Stanford to stop call-

ing itself the Indians and disinvite Mr. Williams, and the student senate voted to go along, though one tribe wrote its dean: "Northern California to say, 'We

believe that the Indian children of Stanford have no reason to grounds to protest.'" Mr. Williams, who lived in the Stanford Indian just last year, says,

"I thought it was wrong for them to make decisions about my position as an Indian or a person without even asking me." But stronger than all the

real parties is a silly idea whose time has come: somewhere Stanford wants to nameless. Many have offered suggestions: how about the Mickey Mouse?



## You wouldn't mind a little class

You don't need a weatherman to tell which way the wind blows, all you have to do is stick out your gaily finger. Anteburner Professor William Liller became Master of Adams House on Harvard in 1968, and the following spring the students seized the administration building. President Tuohy called for cops, the cops looted the students, and all had (as Harvard accounts tell) brother love. Last year, S.D.S. told Harvard it wanted space at the University to hold its annual convention and Harvard said all right

but not during termtime, and S.D.S., instead of looting the streets, said, oh, that's okay, and nobody got hurt. From those days to these days, Professor Liller and Mrs. Liller (seen here serving from an urn her father, killed a dozen at MIT, used to substitute with in his day) have served tea every Friday afternoon in breakfast at Aphrodis House, an upstairs-downstairs Colonial building where the Master of Adams lives. "Four years ago we were having about three guests a tea," says Mrs. Liller, "now we are receiving

thirty-five to more." The teas are open houses—cups may come, including S.D.S., though Adams House students and staff are the most frequent visitors. "Usually we have a case of popular guests," Mrs. Liller adds, "but others come if somebody wants to see the house. We have got interesting looks and serve nice cookies, and sometimes somebody plays the harpsichord." Why are you doing this, lady? Just because Glaston has beautiful menses, too? Or is it that all you really want is a little common civility?

## And Hector Cooper doesn't like you either



Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio, has been famous since way before long ago for being where things happen first: doing away with grades, letting students run things, setting up black studies programs; the president of another Ohio liberal-arts college says, "Every educational innovation in the last thirty years has come out of Antioch"; that kind of place. We can't resist such fairness, so we sent a man out there to look for educational innovations. Right off he saw a lot of marvelous grafts, apparently being say to two outstanding schools of thought: GET HECTOR COOPER and HECTOR IS A FIDELIA. Further investigation disclosed that Hector Cooper is a third-year student brought to Antioch from East Harlem as one of many disadvantaged citizens to whom Antioch wished to extend its blessings, and that is the best couple of years he has been around of course, disasterly conduct, and what the Green County sheriff's office calls "business complaints along that line," although he was found innocent of almost all of these, and guilty only of a trivial few. We can't resist that kind of corruption, so we sought out Hector and asked him to tell us about

Antioch. "My experience here has been like nowhere, you say?" he said. "I can't go to class! You go to class and outside some cat takes all but clothes off. There are low health standards as a result of cuts and dogs in the dining. The atmosphere they create is like being in a mental institution. If you're around people who break out all day you begin to say, 'Are they crazy or am I?' One day I had to go to a hearing because this cat's dog attacked me and I fought back, so they sent the police to get me. It kept me out of class for three months. Then there was a riot and one of the security guards took it into his head to sock me and a couple others in the head..." Well, now we have the atmosphere, we thought, but how about Antioch as some kind of paradise of the progressive school offering progressive ideas to us to urban black students and so on? The expression is over. They can't change as we happen, they can't change our values, so they want to get rid of us. Now they're only taking black students with money. They even brought in about two hundred. I never thought I'd see no brother acting like a punk. I had a religious class and wanted to learn about types of food

as applied to our community and they were talking about making yogurt. We're going to pressure the president with an ultimatum—we're tired of being treated out and run through the mill. We want an education with no distractions. There are about thirty-five black students left who are the rest I could come and show all the rent here cracked up." Would Hector consider transferring to a less distracting place? "No. This is as practical as it could possibly be. You have to know what you're about to survive. If you don't have your mind together you could wind up on roller skates with balloons in your hand." Has Antioch ever thought about, well, getting rid of Hector? "No. Some of the administrators has ever met me. I'm getting ready to go elsewhere myself to them." Any final conclusions? "It's all right, it's fine, I dig it." Nobody but us, let's make our thing perfectly clear, has appointed Hector Cooper spokesman for the black students at Antioch, but whoever appointed him a Buddha must have been a righteous interpreter of the times. Love, however, has Cooper, and to all you people at Antioch who have been thinking and, we say, go join it instantly.







# THE SHEIK OF MALIBU

by Tom Burke

*Can Ryan O'Neal bring glamour back to Hollywood?*

Ryan O'Neal's soggier side is a bloated purple woman scratching face-and-one-half inches up the spine from the waist of his Levi shorts, or rather, his traditional Levi's which have been hoisted off at the thigh as if impulsively on a hot day with a penknife, and which now hang randomly on hips expansive as those of Douglas Fairbanks. The star, one might say, is the only imperfect thing about Ryan O'Neal in Hollywood now, if there is a vulgar equivalent of Deng Xiaoping designed, it's not traditional young Fonda, nor phlegmatic Beatty, nor adolescent Voght, nor Newman of the Democratic politics and the stolid wit, nor Redford, who, for God's sake, lives in Malibu. No, it is this man, personae above the Malibu surf line from his beach house, his three-world Pacificer, meaning as he promises to convert the very energy of the sea into a bullet-brain light of his own, as if by alchemy, or special effects. "Honeyaaa!" he calls, as if to attract the very air. He should know, he passes to feel the fringes of his arms. His shadowed, more roguish corrective therapy, there were never irregularities in his nose or jaw to sedate. He was delivered by Cesarean section, thereby avoiding the often-disfiguring journey through the birth canal. It is the curious prerogative of movie-industry people's children that they be born properly phlegmic.

"I am recovered," he is saying as he jogs north, leaving straight-painted footprints, the way the Indians once did. "I suddenly know that the great personality-low-office businessman hasn't yet been made, and it can be, I mean, I go into a movie theater now, and, man, *Aravankar*!" His gleeful italics visibly startle some children on the beach who have been quietly discussing a sandcastle. "I see it all going on. Now remember! I remember what you looked at that in some kid's garage and, 'Shh, I hear Mom coming,' and then it's absolutely out on the streets, okay, where, open house!" He jumps forward as if to hit a volleyball, to a dark-blond girl who has been running methodically toward us and now pauses, he says, partly, "Honeyboy, baby, right on." Without breaking her stride, she shakes her eyes left and smiles winningly, as if for a close-up. "That lady runs two, three miles every day, man, she's taking care of that body! *Beaucault*! In the past life I'm going to see only totally beautiful bodies. I mean, this movie isn't so timely either, and you give everybody in it a piece because you work with your lovers, your friends, your kids, with *schneiders*..."

Like them, the couple we are now approaching, who stand on the beach, guffing together: his wife, pro-

fessionally called Leigh Taylor-Young, and his press agent, whose name is there Jaffe. The woman, aggressively healthy, almost catlike, Diana hunting, is perhaps twenty-eight or more, yes, fitting Ryan, more in her catlike sleek like a womanist post-nudeist, the sort of girl who takes her horse with her to college. In her presence, her husband suggests a honey vainly halfback failed to die early in some war Jaffe, growing sleepy as if making a pubescent dream, play Jaffe to his cheer's *Archie*, and is known in Hollywood as a new counter-culture fuck, funky-funny.

"Honeyaaaaa," Jaffe remarks in Ryan's direction, as if awake, but Ryan is distracted by the faintly-bleeding sound of something overhead, an advancing helicopter which contains, incredibly, a man leaping out his side, as in old film chases, holding an *Archie* aimed at the group on the beach. "Look at that!" Ryan makes harsh gestures skyward. "It's *Joe Galati*, in *Run*, boys mother! Na, what it really is is the state thing, the *Paris Commune*, right?" Leigh Taylor-Young nods, concerned. "They got a law, there has to be more public statements onto this beach, terrific, the public gets down here and it's *Joan Marcus* Saturday night, beer came through the windows and people shooting glass at one another. Look, the best photographs are here already, hanging from the clouds, last Sunday he was actually here looking at me, *Joe Galati*!" Leigh and I were out taking the *Frithies* and those of them mauling with their cameras, and under these pictures will be printed, *Ryan and Leigh look happy but their's better under the water!* Or they'll take a shot of me with Barbara and it's "Has Ryan left his faith for Judaism?" What faith? So totally ashale monistic, and I have had to put up with this for some *f---ing* years, since the start of *Payton Place*. They suppose, truly, that there's some sort of perpetual cry occurring down here."

This is rather what the public assumes about Ryan, sending it out from the Sunday-supplement *Interests*-assembly, like peacock. You see them head up Sandaga on the Pacific Coast Highway, on unmarked economy cars, starring. Somewhere behind those Malibu walls, the bodies recline. The men at the wheel of the cars seem especially disoriented and hard-eyed. "There's something in Ryan that challenges males," asserts Lee Grant, the actress who played Stella Charnak in his *Rodney* Harrington in *Payton Place*. "He was always jockeying for position with the crew, the director, half-kidding but under the shiny surface terrible success and troubled



# LOSING BIG

by David Halberstam

The years 1965 to 1968 in Washington were not just a time of chaos and confusion. What they were, as can now be seen, was a time when Lyndon Johnson, Dean Rusk, Robert McNamara, McGeorge Bundy, Maxwell Taylor and some others lost the war, lost their jobs, lost their party, lost the country and lost their fondest dreams

**T**he Johnson Administration's policy of limiting the extent of the Vietnam war was still successful in early 1968. It was not, as far as the general public was concerned, going to be a large war. The troop figure was consistently hedged so that opponents of the war did not have a firm target. The border was seen as being on Hanoi, so we were only trying to get them to a conference table. By the time the armistice talks resumed the extent of the war, the depth and totality of it all, then the rationale in Washington would change, it would be the support of our boys out there. At first the critics were told that they should not be critics because it was not really going to be a war and it would be brief, anyway; then, when it became clear that it was a war, they were told not to be critics because it hurt our boys and helped the other side.

All of which worked for a while. Johnson had successfully co-opted the Congress and to a large degree the press. Tim was working against him, but then would only be close later.

There were areas of what was to come. In the Spring of 1965 the protests against Vietnam had begun on the campuses. The Administration was not particularly worried about the challenge. Johnson controlled the vital center, and the campuses were not considered major centers of political activity. Yet these campuses should be answered, so McGeorge Bundy was sent off to a televised speech to rebuke the protesters, and the Administration was secretly confident about the outcome. Bundy was at the height of his reputation, and the once-fabled political-intellectual of Washington, and no one there dared challenge him, for the response would be swift and sharp. But the capital was not the country, what was advanced, respected and feared in Washington was not necessarily advanced, respected and feared in the country. It is a surprisingly little performance, Bundy debated Hans Morgenthau and Edmund Childs, one of the exiled Chinese scholars. Childs quoted Lord Salisbury on the dangers of adding to a failed policy. Bundy finally seemed to be saying:

We are we, we are here, we hold power and we know more about it than you do. It was not a convincing performance, rather than a great display. It seemed to reveal the frailty of the Administration's policy. The teachers did not debate, it encouraged it. It also marked the beginning of the turn in Bundy's reputation; up until then, serious lawmen in the country had heard how bright he was, but in this rare public appearance he struck them in an argument and fell down.

There was another scene that year. President Johnson gave a major Festival of the Arts—what he hoped would be an intellectual celebration of his great electoral triumph. Instead it turned out to be an intellectual rejection of his Vietnam policies. Some of the writers and artists invited wanted to berate, others wanted to come and protest and read poetry. "Half of those people," Johnson said, "are trying to remark on my staying away and half of them are trying to remark on my coming." The arts festival, rather than crowning his legislative victories, symbolized of the intellectual community's growing rejection of the war.

In the Fall of 1965, Dean Rusk, who had apparently been less than eager for United States commitment in Vietnam, began to show signs of the toughness and sudden rigidity which would later, as the months and years passed, distinguish him from some of the other architects of the war. He was not eager to seek settlements, and he was uneasy with those on one side who

seemed too anxious to talk, afraid that they would send the wrong signal, show the Communists our weakness and our weakness. He felt that the danger in a democracy was that people were spoiled and expected placation and were trained to surrender; one had to stand against that and he of course would be the guardian. When Adlai E. Stevenson in 1954 lost under his first tentative campaign about negotiating with Hanoi to U Thant, it was Rusk who helped keep the discussions of the peace move extremely limited (so limited that his deputy for Asia, Bill Board, did not know of it until the very last moment) and was very quiet. Then, in December, 1955, when Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara began to push for a bombing pause, it was Rusk who was decisive. We should not, he thought, seem too eager for peace; since we had gone to war, we should use our force of arms properly and the other side would have to come to terms with us. A nation as great and as powerful as the United States did not back war, did not go to war readily, but if it did then it must be careful not to give away its goals, undermine its own military. There was a hesitancy in Rusk: he had been the least eager to get to because he had never seen the task at hand, and had few illusions about air power and the quick use of force. In fact, his position from start to finish, right through to Tet in February, 1968, were remarkably similar to those of the Army generals. His view of the war was a serious one, if we went we had to be prepared for a long haul, and if we were better ready for it, we had better not flash the wrong signals as soon as we started. Perhaps Rusk, more than any other man around the President, understood how Johnson knew that once committed he would see it through, that he would want office, he desired it.

Rusk believed in mutual security; that this was the way to peace; South Vietnam was now linked to mutual security. Thus it must stand, Vietnam had an importance far beyond its own existence. The death of one man under him in State did not jeopardize our security, he was one of what Americans had to do and see that they could do it. More than anyone else more than the military people themselves, he believed what the military and they could do, he took their reports and their statistics and their claims to heart. He told the men under him of State that their job was to report and watch for the signals from Hanoi, which would give the signal to negotiate with the United States. When the signals came, it would be a sign that they were ready to begin; then and only then State's job would begin. "You look for the signal and you tell me when they give it," he told aides. But Rusk, a deeply thoughtful, was not incoherently, it was the totality of his honesty. He still believed that this would be the way he had found it in a young man who was after him, and that good was an old idea. Astonishingly because we were a democracy.

His job and State's, then, was to wait. If we were in, we were in. In for a dollar, in for a dollar, he had seen told McNamara. There must be no idea why between the President and the Secretary of State, he told aides. He believed the war would end, and should be won. He became a rock, undisturbed, unchanged, and absorbing, as difficult as he could, as much of the growing confusion to the war as possible. As months went by, the abuse he took was not much less because the public symbol of the war, a target of public scorn, his statements marked. In a pay phone booth in his own State Department someone in 1967 so abused the president: "Dean Rusk is a recorded announcement." Occasionally there would be quick flashes of hurt, as when











central roles, leading to confounding predictions, had gone back to the World War II speeches of Franklin Roosevelt and were startled to how bloodlessly it all seemed, the Jap was to be crushed like the candle he truly was. In contrast, Johnson had to be restrained, had to announce every five minutes that he did not intend to overthrow Hanoi. Nor could he bring a Medal of Honor winner to the White House for a speech or photo session, editorial reaction.

In late 1966 the editors began to build up pressure for the bombing of Hanoi and Haiphong, blocking the harbor, taking apart the industrial capacity of both cities. The military brought with it evidence that this was the way would be war, that, though chaotic, in the long run this would save lives. Doing the hard thing was often doing the right thing. As a way of dramatizing this last point, one of the senior editors brought actual predictions for what the invasion of the Japanese mainland might have cost the American in lives had we not used the atomic bomb. This even led the editors 750,000 lives saved. Johnson was fascinated and asked the senior editors how they had arrived at the figure. The answer was quite simple, they said, none of their bright young men at the Pentagon had fed the right information from previous landings and battles into a computer, and thus come up with the figure. The President seemed duly impressed and asked to meet the young men who had made the projection. When they were eventually introduced into his office, the President frowned (evident in their methodology, for a while) and then told them, "I have no more problem for your computer; will you find out if it has lost it a bit? I will take five hundred thousand angry Americans to climb that White House wall and then I'll crush their President if he does something like that!" Which ended for a time the plan to bomb Hanoi and Haiphong.

But this did not shatter the military pressure which continued to grow. In April, 1967, with support for the war fast dwindling, he brought General Westmoreland home to speak before the Congress and the Associated Press Managing Editors' Convention. But the Westmoreland appearances did not ease the pressure against him, if anything, the criticism of Johnson mounted for using Westmoreland for launching the military risk politics. Nor did Westmoreland reassure the President in private meetings. At this point Westmoreland had 470,000 Americans, and he was asking for an

increase which would bring the total to 590,000 men in June, 1968, or at the very least a maximum increase of about 10,000, to 580,000. But even with that increase his forecasts were not optimistic. Without the top figure, he told Johnson, the war would not be lost, but progress would be slowed down; that, he said, was not encouraging but realistic. Then Westmoreland noted that, even if we took an action, the other side made a counter move. At this point the President asked him, "When we add divisions, isn't the enemy also increasing?" If so, where does it all end?" Westmoreland answered that Hanoi had eight divisions in the country and had the capacity to go to twelve, but if they did, the probability of support would be considerably. He did not, however, that if we added more men, so would the enemy. But we had not really reached the crossover point. When a marshall counted, a crucial point in his way of thinking, we were killing him more quickly than they could add them. Even so, the President was not entirely put at ease. "At what point does the enemy ask for [humanitarian] aid?" he asked. Westmoreland answered, "That's a good question."

Johnson then asked his commander what would happen if we stayed at the already high figure of 470,000 men. It would be a semi-crisis year in which we could lead a large number of the enemy, but in the end it would be better than held our own, Westmoreland said. The limitations of troops, this country already regarded it as too limited a war, meant that he could only chase after enemy main-force units in his brigade area. The fewer the war then grew as in the current figures for five more years. If the American force was increased to 540,000, Westmoreland saw the war going on for three years, with the full increment of 200,000 it could go on for two years—which would take Johnson into 1970. General Ernie Wheeler was then secretary for Westmoreland to get the troops as a means of obtaining a more full-upgraded the President asked him what would happen if Westmoreland did not get the full 200,000. Wheeler answered that the moment the Americans had would do and in some ways the same would occur without the increase, it did not mean they would lose the war, but it did certainly be a longer one. For Louie Johnson, a year away from an election, already besieged, already among the growing criticism in the country, hearing these rather dark predictions of his generals. (Continued on page 170)

# Truth in Travel Packaging

by Richard Joseph

*From all the thousands of tours available, here now is a guide to the twenty-three best and most exciting*

If the Civil Aeronautics Board has its way you'll soon be able to fly to Europe or elsewhere abroad without joining a deluxe-touring organization such as the Friendly Isles-American, Sons of Erin or anyone else with the Associated Bird Watchers at the airport a few minutes before your flight is called. The C.A.B. is sponsoring a Travel Group Charter plan that would streamline the so-called affinity or equipment and enable travel agents and tour operators to sell tickets on charter flights to the general public without encountering the law.

At the same time the C.A.B. is promoting other restrictions that might prove as difficult to enforce as the affinity regulations. These include a ban on mass merchandising of the charter flights and the requirement that the travel agent or tour operator must assemble a group of fifty passengers or more, each of whom must buy and pay for his or her own "member's" meals and/or use asked to sign false membership affidavits when they buy their tickets or at the airport just before they board. Many thousands of travelers have made inexpensive flights to Europe on such group charters these past couple of years, but thousands of others have been kept from chartering at the last minute by C.A.B. suspension many times the price of their plane tickets—while others have been stranded in Rome when return-flight to the continent failed to materialize. Many of the airlines carrying illegal charters have been British, and the British government has recently been skeptical over them, thus further increasing the danger of suspended return flights at the end of the summer.

Until this new Travel Group Charter Plan is enacted, travelers have a legitimate way to take advantage of lowest charter rates, and that's by signing on for an I.T.C., an all-inclusive package-tour charter sold by travel agents. According to regulations, I.T.C. is a must take at least one week and include stops in three or more cities at least fifty miles apart. Take all in-chance tour packages, they offer the traveler the advantage of knowing in advance what the major elements of his trip will cost him—battered against the disadvantages of having to follow a set itinerary. However on I.T.C.'s (independent tours) and I.T.C.'s, the traveler doesn't have to stay with a group, and usually has a wide choice of departure dates.

Travelers on escorted and group tours, on the other hand, enjoy the advantages of having a tour director along to worry about departure schedules, baggage handling, passport, hotel and restaurant bills, etc., and they also have a very clear idea of what the trip will cost them before they take off. And for single, untouristed travelers, the group travel is the added advantage of providing ready-made companionship. Also group tours often provide the only convenient and relatively inexpensive way to visit a country out-of-the-way destinations. Against these must be balanced the fact that tour groups can be and often are pretty grim affairs. First

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### Plus: Thirteen Outstanding Travel Adventures

[illegible]

# The Good Dogs

by **Alack Rowe**

*Speak, Cerberus, speak*

**H**is joyed driving. His mind was free to wander. He also enjoyed cutting the wheel his fireplace contained daily, and he enjoyed his mountain walks, particularly at night. And these took the nucleus of the mind, and left deeper, sharper driving. Not that he believed himself a thinking monster, he believed in instinct. It was instinct, after all, that had brought him to Flinnet and The Pull cottage, into this lovely valley of Breconshire whose straight, lumpy road he now traveled. And he sensed that soon the same force he relied to direct his life would lift him away. The people and towns had seemed at first novel, then hostile, and now indifferent, and he was not now imbued with the past. In any case, his place was not here.

The February sheet stashed the Land-Flower as he banged into third at the corner before the turn. Here the road ended, although he still had a mile to go. A low branch guided the cab as he slowed at the bare, tangled with the dogs.

There were five of them, and the sound of his engine had proclaimed his coming. He passed the barn; there was the fruit of Rhysdwyer's land and saw them bravely, stiff with expectancy, before they threw themselves at the Land-Rover. They bounded at his side; they snuggled at his wheels. Where the road looped round the farmhouse, they left him to streak alone, so they were there to confront him as he turned once more to the straight. He was not yet past Rhysdwyer's barn when they came. He must, possibly, have called them. The Greens, married the old postman, and he called out to it with his frantic outcries. He thrumped the stick to control and snugged off the armchair.

None of this worried the man anymore. It had become a ritual; the man had come to transcend the disaster.

knowing the dogs would not risk running too close to his wheels, even though the farmers had a dog each year—usually, he claimed, because the driver would panic and suddenly swerve. At one time the man sadly admitted all that, knowing these creatures were logically seeing the invader from their master's lead. But they could never seem to recognize the Land-Owner as familiar and harmless. Dogs were stupid, the man declared again.

He slipped the key from the ignition, snatched it, a cigarette, reached for his basket, paused, and opened the door. The dog leaped to an instant frenzy and darted at his boots as he slimmered and locked it. They snapped at his legs and growled. The man made no sound, moved no quarter, but took his basket from the bonnet and walked over to the gate at the side of The Green while the work onslaught never slackened. He unlocked the gate, moved through and what he carefully. He was off Rhydder's land; the noise ceased.

After a dozen steps in the weedy field that led to the Pull, he turned. The dogs sat silently behind the hips of the girl, as if in a no. The man laughed and continued his uphill climb, it had been so many weeks since his Land-Rover had been able to manage these fields, tractors to mow by sheep and cattle, that he'd almost forgotten the convenience of it. At the gate between the two fields he passed for breath but did not bother to look back. He knew the dogs would still be there, alert and unassuming; they would wait until he was alone, and then they would follow him. The farmer would turn, and lift a leg on the nearest wheel of the Land-Rover before leading the neck down to the river.

The man disliked dogs, these dogs. He preferred the simple make of cats, who lived their own lives and clearly thought to hell with anyone else. Sheep he hated, hurried and forced by dog and farmer alike.

He held horses neutral: graceful but dull of mind. Cows he looked for their clumsy curiosity. But dogs were stupid, hypocritical, too, hysterical in their passion for approval from their masters, and in a pack ridiculous. And more than just hypocritical, he thought, as he struggled slowly up the second and larger field against the sleek, horribly dishonest. He'd seen that at the time of late January. One morning, seated with a coffee at the window of his study, he'd seen a sheep on the opposite side of the valley struggling against three crows. The binoculars had shown him greater detail: it had been a lost bird, far from the flock, the lamb lay dead and the ewe must have been far gone—only the legs showed. Yet it was a startling spectacle. The man had walked to the fence to tell Wilkes, but the farmer had shown no interest, and when the man was gone more at his window all movement had ceased and the fat black birds were perched on the wooden ladder, pecking near at nothing and cold. When he'd looked again, near dusk, the crows had gone and it was plain to see why. The two senior dogs, Ben and Chip, perched and tore at the carcass of the ewe, and the man began to depense and distrust dogs who could guard a life but disavow it is death, in which case it's best thought as he does in *The Lion that Ate Night, Pretender or Predator?* On their return, later, the dogs met the man on The Green. Chip dropped the leg he was carrying to join in the harassment.

The man spat downwind and took more breath. Far below was the farmyard, contained by dead, grey bushes, and, twining lightly to join their master at the barn, were the dogs: Ben, the big one, the leader, very black of coat with deep eyes, a white streak down the jet black and one white forepaw; Chip, the young pretender, then, wiry, with more white than Ben, his eyes small and glittering, Ben's son; Nell, mother of both; and her twins by Chip, Fan and Roy, one white-faced, the other black, little more than pups.

The dogs. They bared him lapely with their aussy petulance.

**T**he Pelf stood above a dingle at the heart of the fields. Directly behind the mountain layne with six sheens, scrub, and bottle fern stalks. A stream ran from the rocks, past The Pelf and through the dingle down to the road. The man was glad to be home. He climbed the stile at the corner of the second field, trundled sheepskins between the roots and branches of the small wood for fifty yards, and came to the stile in the rain. The exterior of The Pelf was not pretty: it was a gran box. He reached the door, checked that stocks still rose from the chimney, turned the handle and reached inside for the switch. He stood in the gloom until he heard from the shed the wheeze that proved the generator in motion. A few seconds later the spotlight flickered on, dissolved, rekindled. He wriggled from his wet jacket and dropped into an armchair to soak his cervix, the pebbled floorboards vibrating beneath his feet in the drumming of his lightning plant.

But the night was a bad one. Heber, and his animal associates led the man out to walk the hills when the radio closed down at two, but his hear of wandering did nothing for him. From Rhydyceir a furious barking lit the stiffness. He wondered if the pack had pecked up his movement—they usually did, even at a mile distant—but it was more likely that a fox, starved and desperate, was coveting the possibilities of the chicken huts. The clamor rose in pitch, and the man shivered, rather pitying the fox.

He woke at ten-thirty, washed and dried out, blanched about on his thick dressing gown, yawning self, looking at a cigarette. While the kettle heated, he topped up the oil heater, and the Pyralis in his study, cleaned teeth outside at the spout and splashed the petrifying water on his face; he poured a gallon of fuel into the generator and checked the oil. By now the kettle was boiling and he took his coffee to the study, topped the dark liquid, lit the second cigarette, and came to terms with his day.

The sky was leaden and promised snow. From the farm below smoke rose, quiet and heavy; there were no signs of Wilkes or his dogs. The man wandered off the porch but arrived pit. He took the second tray of coffee to the window at the other side of the study which overlooked Wilkes' farthest field. It was large, steep and exposed. The forty-acre field ran from the road right up to the wire that separated mountains from cultivated land, alongside it ran both the fields the man had to climb to get to The Pelf, the drive. The Pelf itself and a small field above the cottage. The view was immense but undistinguished, except for one landmark: slightly higher than The Pelf and about two hundred yards distant there reared a high outcrop of rock. If you walked, as the dog had often done, down from the ridge to the barbed wire that marked the fields from mountain scrub and climbed over, you were faced with a rocky scramble of about twenty feet to the top of the outcrop. But you then had before you a drop of some forty feet to the bottom, so steep was the downward angle of the field. It was an uncomfortable place to be—flat space at your feet, the world sliding away, shattered rocks sharp on the rough grass forty feet below.

The night depressed the man. Then he noticed the sheep. Yesterday, the field had been empty; today, about a hundred sheep muddled and scratched at the poor grass. Wilkes obviously expected snow. The sheep would be safe here when the blizzard began. Then the man saw Kestee and his sports immediately rose.

Rodney was a roan, and he was exactly the ugliest and worst-tempered creature the man had ever seen, and he was the only sheep the man could distinguish. He was dirty, dourish, lecherous beyond imagination, and gloomy. And was not impressed by the dogs.

This man mented a nurse, and it had been the man who'd given it, such peaceless being outside Wilkes' interests. They'd been talking once and the man had come into the conversation. The man had called it by name, and the farmer straightened from peeling a marrow from a marrow to give the man a look before turning again to his work.

**T**he man had no project under way, and so he devoted upon a day of routine change during which he hoped something new would suggest itself. He rode himself an oriole and washed up a handful of crockery that had accumulated, started his Primus stove upon the flues outside and set a large pan of springwater to heat, swept the mouse out one leg and lay quite straight on the bed, set a kettle on his kitchen stove for tea and, while it boiled, sorted out a pile of washing which he took out to the pan of water and damped in with a shake of soap powder. He enjoyed a pot of tea, with a cigarette, as he listened to news Britain on a record. At three, he moved the sheets and shirts that had been heaving outside under the lead sky and strung them before his paraffin stove downstairs. All that was left now was to eat an hour's. (Continued on page 146)



# A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR 6.5 SECONDS

What with air bags, collapsing front ends and anti-pollution laws, cars will soon be as safe as houses and a little more mobile. It's nice to know, though, that somebody still cares about getting from one place to another in style, even if the places are only a quarter mile apart and the trip lasts six and a half seconds. "We are often referred to as having drag racing's most beautiful cars," says John Clayton of California Changers, who built this one with his partner Jerry Keeling. The body is a fiber-glass copy of a Ford Finto and Clayton adds, "Once spotted, it looks like a Christmas tree. I've seen beautiful cars leave the line and at the end there's nothing left." Still, between the fire suit and the extinguishers, the driver has over a minute to get out alive. Happy motoring, fellows: Ralph Hader is smart but nobody ever said he was pretty.



# Is This the Face that Named a Thousand Bugs?

by Michael Rogers

*Yes, and by the sheerest coincidence it's Richard Nixon's uncle also*

**T**he oldest of the entomology buildings at the University of California at Riverside is painted an insectile ochre and set on a wooded rise overlooking the soap-shaded campus. In one corner of this building, as any weekday from eight until five, Philip H. Timberlake, Associate Entomologist, Riverside, may be found hard at the work of his life. He will seem terminally He has discovered and christened more than one thousand varieties of insect since 1960, and is an international expert on a species of bee few people have ever seen. His colleagues are certain that Philip Timberlake has handled more insects, living and dead, than any other man on earth.

The corridors outside Timberlake's office are lined with specimens, filed with Lepidoptera and Coleoptera and Hymenoptera and Neuroptera and Orthoptera. There are elephant beetles the size of many-old pupae and tall bees with scorpions a full foot in leg men. Inside such showcases hangs a bright yellow Shell Fly-strip, and in certain of the cabinets, above named orders of insects, are glossy light prints with subjects and titles such as "Rustily Pressing" (Fristal and Frodel), "or 'Helen on Orange,'" the latter showing a manna and gorging astidly upon a juicy citrus fruit. There is a tree covered a type of naturalistic: the most lavishly composed photographs in the building are vibrant illustrations of hell-worm skeletons that crowd radiating cotton buds like grimy chandelier rings. Philip Timberlake has exhibited these showpiece-crowned passages since 1924, and when, in June of 1950, compulsory retirement overtook him, he merely refused to leave.

He could not leave, he explains, sitting straight-backed in a swivel chair behind his aged binocular microscope. "There is too much left to be done. I can't hope to finish." He shakes his head, and the afternoon sunlight illuminates the tufts of hair in his ears like the bristly pollen baskets on the head bags of a honeybee. "It will take two or three lifetimes," he says. "Maybe more." The university provides him a pension and office space, the microscope, collection cabinets, pens, knives, nets, eyeglasses. He requires nothing else, except privacy, and so he is initially dubious about an interview. He recalls a young journalist from the Los Angeles Times who came out a few years ago and wrote a piece about "Wild Bee" Timberlake. "Nobody calls me 'Wild Bee,'" he says firmly. "Nobody."

This is probably so. To the younger generations of entomologists who fill the building, Timberlake approaches the status of a legend. Clad in khaki and Kato or Bush Dapples, they speak with a certain puzzled respect about the twenty-six years Timberlake spent as Associate Entomologist: twenty-six years without a promotion, they emphasize, because he was biased to study chalcid wasps and instead developed a commanding passion for the perilla bee. Certain task-oriented administrators refused to promote him unless he returned to the chalcids, but it was a responsibility thrust for a man who had found his true calling. "I didn't care," Timberlake says. "If I got enough to eat, that's good enough."

Entomologists in general appear to be so heedily and efficiently evolved in the objects of their study. At Riverside alone there are groups who have counted unending pest infestations, and one recently named seventy-six. At nearly ninety, Timberlake continues to pursue the perilla. Perilla, a wild pansy-like bee the size of a paperclip, pollinates monardella from Guatemala to Canada, and has by now been chronicled by Timberlake in eight thick volumes—he prefers to call them "series" of a work-containing monumentally meticulous descriptions and hand sketches of every possible detail of more than seven hundred species of the tiny bee.

He offers an example of his sketches, from Part III, nine pages of delicate line drawings, ten or twelve to each page, that depict, greatly magnified, the male genitalia of various perilla. The drawings are painstakingly intricate but totally recognizable in terms of function. They could be flowers or decorative flourishes or enlarged diagrams. How are these used, I ask Timberlake, and why are they all so different? He shugs and yawns slowly through the rest of Part III, openly disinterested, and explains patiently that he is a systematic entomologist, which means that he does not care what his insects do, or how they live, or how they mate, but simply and exclusively what they look like. That is his field.

Timberlake is too modest: he has, in fact, two claims to fame. The first is an international variety of bees, moths, butterflies and flies that bear, in some form, his surname. The second, which he does not like to discuss quite so much, is that he happens to be the uncle of one Richard William Nixon. (Continued on page 144)



# Nisei Guys Finish First

Each morning, workers at the Matsushita Electric Company in Tokyo sing a song: "Goo, industry, grow, grow, grow! Harmony and sincerity! Matsushita Electric!" Yes, Goo Porcia was better, but the fact remains: in thirty years, Japan Inc. will be the world's foremost economic power, says Herman Kahn. The guys are everywhere—even in these New United States. American markets are filled with Japanese cars, cameras, and electronic equipment. And new American markets are being created by Japanese Americans. Consider the eight men on these four pages, all of whom are harmonious and sincere and have done nothing but grow, grow, grow.



Mike Yamano shows his mother's mail on Mt. Island, 1970.

Mike Yamano (below) is a case of every part. He is, in the colloquial, "the amo-cado-cado man." In 1968, Yamano founded the United International Club, an organization which offers its members discounts on over 700 West Coast establishments simply for paying cash and not with credit. There are now over 52,000 amo-cado-cado members, each of whom pays \$20 (in cash) to join U.I.C., then \$20 a year. Yamano also dabbles in concrete, such as Auto Mail, developed by his mother in Tokyo. Yamano imports it, then sells it in his Los Angeles heavy store for \$5 a set. The guy said well he wouldn't do it unless it was for only nine, some berry for twelve, etc. (In the process, Mike looked at trying a bit of everything.) "Mail is where flowers grow," Yamano says, and flowers are the most perfect things in God's creation.

Kay Sugihara (facing page, top) is the Japanese American's answer to An O'Hara. He owns and operates modern (issue 1,300,000 runs of them). Sugihara's father was a depressed samurai who ended as Frank. During W' W' II, Kay Sugihara was released from a detention camp so he could join the OSS as an intelligence officer. Holding no grudges, he helped expose psychological propaganda against Japan. He is presently working on a plan to believe U.S. shipping by \$16,000,000,000 over the next decade. (W' W' II Sugihara in the photo, his wife and grandchildren on the left of his Fifth Avenue, New York, house.)

Chikara Kikuchi (with wife and son, facing page, lower left) is professor of nuclear engineering at Michigan. Kikuchi is holding an artificial ruby, a key element in laser amplification, a process he discovered which allows communications to be received from deep space. (Photos from Matt would have been impossible without the Matsushita telescope.) Kikuchi left his native Washington during W' W' II, then had to be escorted back to live his Ph.D. course—this he wouldn't be arrested and put into a camp.

John Niimi (facing page, lower right) is founding father of Amatch, the American Chick Strong Association. Amatch means people to tell at a glance whether a dip-and-chick is male or female, a detail of the utmost economic importance. Hatcheries mainly want females (the egg layers) and have little use for males. Early detection saves a lot of feed money. Niimi, one of two such institutions in the world, runs virtually all chick sexers in the Western Hemisphere. He's been doing this continuously since 1957, his place is in Landale, Pennsylvania.



Kay Sugihara on himself: "I'm like O'Hara—except that I'm not married to Julia."



Chikara Kikuchi, his wife, son, and ruby



John Niimi about one chick



Minoru Yamazaki stands between a couple of his big dogs

**Minoru Yamazaki** (left) will have at least two growing pains on America: the twin towers—110 stories each—planned as lower Manhattan. The buildings contain the new World Trade Center, a \$280,000,000 project he was asked to consider in 1962. "I was scared to death," he says. Yamazaki (and 105 others) just to prove his fine selection was best. He's especially proud of the enormous photo sculpture (the steel sculpture, an open space the size of three football fields). Yamazaki was born in Seattle fifty-nine years ago, the son of a uncle-niece man. He now holds six doctorates.

**George Nakashima** (facing page, upper left) was also an architect. One day, however, he checked the profession and decided he'd rather carve furniture out of tree trunks. That was thirty years ago, today his designs are world famous. Nakashima, his family, and his helpers pursue their craft in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. "We were the original hippies," he says. One of the war years was spent in an Okinawa detention camp, an experience Nakashima considers "crazy, surreal, and uncomfortable." Life is much sweeter now. The family lives in a 950-square-foot wood-and-stone house a block for a mere \$7,500. How'd he do it? By capturing his own cheap labor supply, that's how.

**Dr. Ronald Matsumura** (facing page, upper right) rebuilds faces for fun and profit. The Los Angeles surgeon has worked on the Dodgers' Willie Davis, among other baseball, basketball, hockey and football players. He performs double eyelid surgery on a lot of Japanese-American, operations which add folds to the lids, making the eyes less droopy and more "Westernized." (Matsumura also gets calls to stone bridges on Japanese noses.) Forty-five years old, the surgeon believes he was the first Japanese-American to hold U.S. degrees in both medicine and dentistry.

**Rocky Aoki** (facing page, bottom) is the thirty-three-year-old owner of the Brewhouse of Tokyo restaurant in Los Angeles. He first saw the U.S. as the last of his in a number of the Japanese Olympic wrestling team. In 1964, he opened a four table restaurant in New York (his mother wanted on all four of them). A good review in the *New York Times* brought him all the business he could handle. There are now fifteen Brewhouses in the U.S. and Rocky lives like a true prince. Pictured are some of his exotic dogs, his Pharoah V. Roll-Royce, and Benny, the chauffeur he picked up on a recent visit to Indonesia.



George Nakashima in his workshop



Dr. Ronald Matsumura in his workshop



Rocky Aoki, his dogs, his Rolls Royce, and Benny



# An Open Letter to the Next President

by John V. Lindsay

*A few things to mull over between now and January 20*

Dear Sir:

In fairness, I must allow that I envy your opportunity. I campaigned briefly, but hard, for my party's nomination, because I have been deeply disturbed by the signs of distress and discouragement in America and by the divisions in our society.

I believe Americans will generally choose to do what is right, that they will go along with the changes that must be made if our democratic system is to survive, if the case is fairly put to them. But only the President can make that case. He must stand up for what is right—equal quality education, freedom to dissent, national handgun control—even when it is not popular. And if the President does not stand for justice above all else, then he doesn't stand for anything—his Administration will exist merely to operate the bureaucratic machine in Washington.

I am convinced, sir, that what really matters today is not merely how well you operate the government, but how well you lead the nation. The changes that must be made in America aren't going to be made unless most Americans agree they should be made. And that will take leadership.

I hope we agree on what must be done first, and that is to end the war in Southeast Asia immediately, with total withdrawal of all American military forces, leaving the Vietnamese to decide the future of their nation for themselves.

But ending the war will not, by itself, unite the nation. It will not alter our society. Indeed a policy of "No War but No Change" would be fatal for America. Nor will moving to meet the nation's

# of the United States

most obvious need and reduce unemployment, with a massive program of public works and public employment, count as meaningful change if it goes no further than putting the same work force back on the same jobs, if you opt for traditional public works, building more highways or more elaborate spaceware.

I propose, instead, that you first consider the "urban agenda" those of us concerned for the survival of our cities have been calling for. This does not merely mean "more money for the cities." It affects all of our society, for there is a social, as well as a physical ecology. If we poke the population in one place, it pops out somewhere else. What happens or fails to happen in rural America determines, in large measure, what problems confront the cities. What happens or fails to happen in our cities determines the fate of our suburbs.

During my brief campaign, I saw the results of our failure to provide some plan or policy of national growth. The nation's farmers continue to abandon their farms. Rural populations decline as farmers, their families, and those who fix their cars and their teeth, bake their bread, sell them seeds, and teach their children abandon the countryside for the cities. But cities have not yet adjusted to the last large-size urban migration, the movement of farm families, mostly black, from the newly mechanized farmland of the South.

Transforming immigrant populations, often poor and unskilled, into middle-class and urban work- *(Continued on page 156)*

## A Sneak Preview

Sixteen ways to be footloose yet fancy

Like all other parts of the modern costume, sneakers have become a way of self-expression. The last couple of years have seen the emergence of a whole new sneaker consciousness. So if you're still wearing those black or white, basic-than-thou, high-school-gym-cards, wonder and woe! On the right, 16 examples of the trend sneaker explosion, any one of which is sure to let your feet do the talking. 1) *Runlets* by Adidas: white leather tops, rubber nubs on the bottom. For toes as all surfaces, about \$15. 2) *Joppers* by Puma: raccoon trim, orthopedic arch support, \$15. 3) *Tennis* shoes by Puma.

lightweight leather tops, ribbed soles, \$25. 4) *008* Glorias by Carter: wear 'em possibly, \$2.99. 5) *Leather All Stars* by Converse: one star, two stripes each, \$19.95. 6) *Black high tops* by Kicks of Faithful, \$12.95. 7) *Socially Shy* by Converse: for the sensitive soul, \$8.95. 8) *Rebel* by Adidas: green mesh-cell soles, about \$18. 9) *Colorize* by R.F. Goodrich: black perforated soles, \$6. 10) *All Stars* by Converse: classic school-yard model, \$7.75. 11) *Seedlings* by Gold Seal: casual boat wear, about \$7. 12) *Pro-thru* models by Carter: mesh tops, \$3.99. 13) *Paul Bunyan* Street Hockey by Converse: skates without skates, \$4.95. 14) *Jump Shots* by Converse: good for fast breaks, \$4.95. 15) *"Clones"* by Puma: Walt Disney's own, \$25. 16) *Recess* by Funk Puppies: fancy and leather, \$15.

Photographed by Henry Wolf





## If Cartier, Tiffany, Porthault, Harry Winston, Bonwit Teller, Charles Jourdan and Bergdorf Goodman can't make the rich happy, who can?

by Jerry Bowles

*Reese Palley, the porcelain bird man, can*

**R**eese Palley had a vision. It came to him, he thinks, one sunny August day during his nineteenth year as he was walking along the Boardwalk in Atlantic City, a few miles from the family home. It was there, in the shadows of those great grey elephant hotels—the Elkshome, Dunes and Marlborough-Blenheim—as a part of his quest of seawater taffy, hot pretzels, popcorn, cotton candy, fried chicken, Skat-Hall, pinotera, kaffia lawlers and tens thousands of conversationists with badges, fuzzy hats, fixed fees and bored expressions, that the serendipity that was to shape his life was born. His vision was simply this: people buy things because there is their emotional guts they are lonely and because they expect the things they buy to fill a void in their lives. People with money—because they really acquire all the useful objects—get lonely quicker and more often.

"It was an awesome piece of knowledge for a sixteen-year-old kid to carry around," Palley says, planting his feet on the corner of a roadside desk and leaning back in his chair until he is nearly horizontal. "Of course, that part wasn't hard. It took me more than twenty-five years to discover that most people don't really know what they need since they got to the point where they don't really need anything anymore.... you understand? The artist has to create the need, make the object meaningful to the customer. That's the part of the formula that kept stalling me all those years."

Palley, who is a kind of artworld Herbert Pforzheimer with gift shops and galleries in Atlantic City, San

Francisco and Paris and a first-class scullery segue gallery in New York, certainly acts like a man who has found a secret formula for success. Among other things, he owns a white Rolls-Royce and a grey Bentley, a Volkswagen with a Rolls hood, a boat called the Delibaby, and not so long ago he threw a weekend party in Paris for seven hundred thirty-five people on the grounds of his Gstaad holiday. He chartered two 747's from Pan Am to take them there and picked up the hotel tabs, a total of "more than \$200,000." There's even to the story that that, as you will see, but for now consider it an impressive eccentricity for a man who doesn't look like a businessman or, for that matter, rich either. Palley wears the same costume every day of his life: black trousers, black outfit, over-sized pelvis, black shoes and socks and a red handkerchief which he keeps stuffed in his hip pocket. Bounding out the easel-like, no to speak, is a pair of cheap, black-framed glasses.

"I used to do the expensive suit thing," he says. "But then it occurred to me, anybody with money can dress like that. It takes wit to look like this."



the legend "Reese Palley—Merchant-To-The-Rich" His favorite oil is one that shows him with a pair of porcelain Porthault Western Bluebirds perched on his head.

It is Palley's penchant for the outrageous, in fact, that most makes him a suspicious character in the New York art world. He has been more like a Bush artist than a dealer, a fact that erases other dealers, art advisors, and some artists, who prefer to have their culture vendors present a more serious image. One highly placed editor at *Art News* describes Palley as "self-serving, pedantic, hungry." On the other hand, he is not without friends in high places. Ake Bonestadt, managing editor of *The New York Times* and a friend of several years' standing, finds him "incredibly likable and charming. One of the smart people I know."

Four days a week Palley can be found in the Atlantic City shop, easily the most profitable of his business ventures. Just how profitable he's not saying, although he does say the gross is "in seven figures." Depending upon your point of view, what he sells here are either superb objects d'art or the biggest collection of bric-a-brac ever assembled in his San Francisco store. But, anyway, this is where Palley seems most at home, greeting the visiting foomen, whapping his assistants into a dromy of activity,



resonating 15,000 tickets is the deep and usually hardly discernable note in the unwieldy, overblown sound—only he is available as a game-by-game basis, most of them at \$7. This, the official eagerly pointed out, is more than twice as much as pre-football stadium where season ticket holders virtually buy out the house.

Nevertheless, there are thousands of fans who won't be at Texas Stadium next season because they can't afford the loads. The \$2,000 season ticket holders at the Cotton Bowl, where the Cowboys played through the 1971 season, were given priorities to buy loads at Texas Stadium, but 16,000 of them failed to do so within the allotted time. Expenses may not have been the only consideration for these fans, but when I asked Clint Murchison Jr., the Cowboys' multimillionaire owner, about this he said, "Yes, I'd say we lost a whole group in the \$12,000-to-\$20,000-a-year salary range who could afford to buy loads at the Cotton Bowl but couldn't afford to buy loads. If we discriminated against them, we discriminated against them, but no more than all America discriminates against people who don't have enough money to buy everything they want." Well, maybe just a little more.

Yet, Clint Murchison has a reason. For if the 55,000 people who gather at Texas Stadium on any given Sunday have a higher net worth than those at any of the other places for sports events the last, the margin is probably not all that large. In *The Sports Illustrated* survey, the average net worth of the Dallas Cowboys' writers: "Texas is a career in which Americans see themselves reflected, not life-sized but, as in a distorting mirror, bigger than life." The Cowboys are the distorted image, the grotesque reinforcement of a national self in which the (dis)image of football has become as meaningful a rich man's sport as, as Walt Garrison, the recent down-south of all the Cowboys, puts it, "America's new Sport of Kings."

This is borne out by statistics. At a news conference before the Super Bowl last January, Bob Rouse, Commissioner of the National Football League, announced the results of a survey conducted for the NFL by Louis Harris and Associates. The survey showed that football has become America's favorite sport, rising baseball by one percent. It also showed that football fans seemed to be richer, better educated, younger and whiter than baseball fans. This showed up dramatically when the respondents were asked to name the professional sport or sports they followed. Of those who made less than \$5,000 a year, 58 percent said they followed baseball and only 35 percent wanted football. From \$5,000 to \$9,999, such sport was named by 50 percent. From \$10,000 to \$14,999, football took the lead, 52 percent to 48 percent. At \$15,000 and over, football jumped to 66 percent, with baseball at 36 percent.

These findings are supported by another survey conducted last year by Roger Noll, Senior Fellow in the Economic Studies Program at the Brookings Institution. Noll says his study showed "a positive correlation between per-capita income of metropolitan areas and attendance at professional football games in these areas, and a negative correlation between income and attendance at professional baseball."

No authority I talked to, however, could offer a conclusive explanation for these results. The rising cost of football tickets, particularly the need to purchase a season ticket, may be part of the answer, but Murchison asked what sport people "attended," but which they "followed." Noll speculates that people in more sedentary jobs (business executives, lawyers) prefer more active sports, while people in more active jobs (longshoremen, construction workers) prefer sedentary

sports. Bill Veech, who has been a baseball executive and in the front office of the Bears, notes: "The original professional football fans were men who had been educated and had higher incomes, while baseball has always been a game of the streets and mudholes of their rural hometowns, the cow pastures." Others argue that football, with its increasingly complex rule books, appeals to a more cerebral fan than do the eternal simplicity of "three strikes and you're out."

Finally, some argue that pro football is the playing-field metaphor of America's twentieth-century corporate technology, in which maximum results are obtained by a perfect melding of many specialists, all subordinating their individual wills to a highly complex game plan, while baseball is an individualistic sport in which one man's brilliance must really make a difference. According to this argument, those who have thrived on the intricate mechanism of corporate America are naturally drawn to its reduction in pro football while those who are unable to conform, those who dwell in the economy, geography or psychological backwaters of American life, are drawn by an almost nostalgic yearning to baseball.

If there is any truth in this analysis, as I think there is, then it may help explain why the Cowboys draw so much in pro football to its legend—or rhetorical self-image. For corporate technology has thrived in Dallas of late, with more of the blessings and fewer of the discontents so apparent in the older, grimmer, cramped and anxious cities of the North and East. There is a buoyant, optimistic spirit about "Big D," which even the ever-bourgeois John Kennedy's inauguration there in 1963 has not perceptibly dimmed.

Most histories trace "the great old Dallas tradition of go-go-go" to the city's lack of natural assets—no railroad anywhere near all the time of its incorporation in 1856, no water supply of any kind (the Trinity River is unusable); none of the oil, gas or sulfur which has spurred the development of other Texas cities. Then, the theory goes, Dallas had to make it on its "can-do" spirit.

As a result, Rousekride notes, "One trait alone all distinguishes the Dallas personality—namely, the business sense. It is a city of the businessmen, by the businessmen, and for the businessmen." To an Easterner making his first trip to Texas, Dallas is a bleak disappointment because it is so utterly devoid of western flavor, no five-story high boots or saddles hanging over a real Texas drawl. (Tex Schumaker, the Cowboys' president, recalls that another name was almost chosen for the team because "Cowboys don't really represent Dallas.") Just thirty miles west, all these trappings can still be found in Fort Worth ("where the West began"). But Dallas is essentially a financial and corporate town. It is the banking capital of the Southwest, housing such giant financial institutions as the First National, Republic and Mercantile banks; it is a major insurance center, where the headquarters of Southern Life and Fidelity Union Life dominate the skyline; and increasingly it is a corporate headquarters. Deen and Brodrecht's 1973 *Ninety Dollar Dynasty* lists 728 Dallas-based companies with assets of one million dollars or more—among them, Long-Term-Tenure Texas Instruments, Pillsbury, Dr. Pepper—a total exceeded only by New York, Chicago and Los Angeles.

But, more important, Dallas has a corporate psyche. Dr. Robert E. Stoltz, former chairman of the psychology department at Southern Methodist University,



city in Dallas, has written: "Leadership of Dallas has given by service to humane and moral values, but has shown that it values the physical and economic aspects of the Metaphysics primarily. A strong emphasis on materialism is evident."

That leadership is concentrated in the Dallas Citizens Council, a remarkable businessmen's organization which has played a major, often decisive role in most significant decisions the city has taken in the past thirty-five years. In most American cities, power ultimately resides not with the elected Mayor or City Council, but with a group of influential businessmen. What distinguishes Dallas in this regard is that this group is organized, has a name, and high public visibility. Most people I talked to in Dallas (let the Citizens Council) had been an important force for civic progress when a bond issue has to be floated, a moment of orchestra needed, or school integration pushed through, it is the Council that pulls it done. But, characteristically for Dallas, there is not a doctor, lawyer, artist or writer on the Council; its membership is limited to the chief executive officers of major corporations.

Clint Marshall's brother John (together they directed the prominent corporate entities of the Cowboys: oil, banking, real estate, life insurance and truck sales) belongs to the Citizens Council and the Council has long regarded Clint's Cowboys as an important civic asset.

In the early Sixties, the Dallas Establishment had been split down the middle because two of its best-known young millionaires clashed in head-on competition for the city's football dollar. Marshall with his Cowboys of the National Football League and Lamar Hunt (son of the legendary H.L.) with his Dallas Texans of the American Football League. For three years, the two franchises battled at the turf level and in the press, until Hunt finally ceded the territorialization and moved his team to Kansas City (where, renamed the Chiefs, they preceded the Cowboys as Super Bowl champions). Hunt himself, who had helped Hunt and Marshall establish their allegiance to the Cowboys and, particularly as the team began winning, became a select fan. Many members of the Citizens Council—or the financial establishment they represent—have purchased Chiefs Stadium in Kansas City.

Ironically, the stadium itself and its expense made of financing was the direct result of an intense feud within the Dallas Establishment. One of the Citizens Council's pet projects had long been the Texas State Art and Science Foundation—home of the Cotton Bowl, the Museum of Art and night museums, including the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts and the Dallas Museum of Natural History. The Cowboys had played their home games at the Cotton Bowl since their inception, but by the mid Sixties Marshall was becoming chafed with the stadium's restricted facilities and the deteriorating conditions in the black boxes of South Dallas which surround the fairgrounds. Some fans came back from games had been mugged. Marshall recalls today that "people were afraid to go down there." In 1964, he proposed construction of a new downtown stadium to be sited in part by week-day commercial parking on adjacent lots. But the then Mayor, Erik Jonsson, past president of the Citizens Council and chairman of Texas Instruments, flatly turned down the proposal, saying the city had "no more growing room."

The conflict, which raged for months, grew increasingly bitter. There were passionate letters involved—the proper way to retrieve the South Dallas ghetto,

the role of a traditional institution like the State Fair, the value of a downtown sports complex—but they often got lost amid the price and obstinacy of strong-willed men like Marshall, Jonsson and Robert Collins, president of the State Fair Commission.

So Marshall put his Cowboys on the front end of town. It led to Irving, Texas' largest suburb, just west of the city. In early 1965, Cowboy officials made their pitch to convince Irving politicians and businessmen in a back-back meeting at the Dallas Gun Club (characteristically, the deal was worked out quietly in plush surroundings and remained secret until late that year when Irving's Chamber of Commerce managers let it slip in a talk to the Farmer's Branch Local Club). Quickly, the Cowboys announced the project, which promptly ran into a tornado of protest. The reaction was not so much in the out-of-town location—already a hundred feet from the city line at the confluence of two major highways—and to the financing plan which required any prospective owner ticket holder to purchase at least a \$250 bond for every seat.

The Dallas Times Herald, in an impressionistic editorial, urged reconsideration "on behalf of the tens of thousands of fans who dearly loved their Cowboys, and now possibly can't afford them." A stormy by the paper burned up many fans who said they didn't have money for the bonds. Some voiced even deeper resentment, calling the new arrangement "a rich man's stadium," "a private club for the fortunate," and "Mellonism's stadium."

To counter this criticism, the Cowboys ran an extensive ad campaign featuring the "Think of Stanley Madden," the typical fan who after many years of being cramped, pushed and otherwise exploited was at last getting "the world's first football playground." And the Cowboys belatedly offered an economy plan for buying bonds (\$4 down and \$6 a month for 40 months).

To this day, Marshall professes surprise at the vehement opposition which his financing scheme aroused. "A lot of noble minds were focused essentially the same way," Texas Tech, Texas A & M, "and Gardner," he told me, leaning back against a window sill situated with Cowboy banners ("Dallas Cowboys"), placards ("All the Way"), and memorabilia (a Cowboy in football uniform riding a horse). I mentioned it was not hard to get the kids on stadium, most of whom could be assumed to have a reasonable income, and all of whom could be asked to support their alma mater's new stadium just as they would a new classroom building; and after another to remove the same requirement on fans paying money in background and income and replied by no economic loyalty other than the Cowboys themselves. But Marshall shrugged. "What could be done then having the stadium financed by the fan who can't?"

The stadium aroused a different kind of controversy in Irving itself. From the start, a substantial minority of that largely working-class community opposed the project, partly from fear that it would be a financial burden on them and partly out of concern that the traffic and noise it generated would disturb their suburban tranquillity. Two parades of thousands were held to authorize annexation of the stadium bonds. The first in April, 1968, produced 3133 opinions who favored the stadium so long as no tax dollars were spent for its construction or operation, and 1325 who opposed it. The second, in January, 1969, passed 3464 in favor. But the determined minority continued to grow. They say that Texas Stadium is a municipal stadium in name only—to guarantee tax exemption—and, for all intents and purposes, (Continued on page 128)

## The Metaphysics of Eyeglasses

*Peepers, creepers? Where'da you get those optical illusions?*



Consider the only part of the eyeglasses you see through is the lens, and that can now be popped right onto the eyeball. Also, the clearer the lens, the better the vision. Erp, the frame and the style of the lens are mere window dressing, easily dispensed with. A society which grew up loving Liza Minnelli only when she took off her glasses starts to cheering.

But the opposite has happened. Hardly one in a billion and so are tinted lenses. The purchase of a new pair is an event carefully planned, agonized over. Some people have eyeglass wardrobes. The frame matters too.

Glasses are the new way to protect identity, a kind of disguise. They are used to protect a person's face, for some reason the weaker lines are visible. There are frames and tints for people who want to glow or want to look tough who just want a little

prissy, who want to say "I love Martha Mitchell." Who want to say "I hate Martha Mitchell." Seeing is the smaller part of believing.

Credit the Air Force and Hollywood for discovering the image leader. Everyone knows that pilots all have excellent vision and that they all wear goggles, or used to. In an open cockpit, goggles kept the wind out of a pilot's eyes. But then, when the cockpit got closed over the goggles perched in the form of aviator frames, thus beginning the extraordinary career of the over-the-ear in Hollywood. Greta Garbo was no more invisible than the Red Darg, but she made an incognito to get her through gauntlets of autograph hunters. So she put on shades. Naturally, all the other celebrities put on shades, hiding individual identities but proclaiming star identity. People didn't say "They go to Greta Garbo" anymore. They just

said, "Who's that?"

Look at it this way. Med-eval artists had no idea what St. Sebastian looked like so they painted just anyone. Then stuck some arrows into his chest. St. Sebastian. To portray St. Jerome, they put a lion in the picture. Those

identifying props were called attributes, and that is what eyeglasses have become. They clearly, and they do so more precisely than varying the length of your hair. Moreover, their power is enormous. To wear eyeglasses is to wear a face, and to act like a flake or to negate the action, not the viewer.

The basic options in today's eyeglasses are defined on the next four pages, together with the code that tells you what they mean. You will give this lesson of your part. For even now you may be sitting around with someone who's already hooked between your ears.



## THE ANARCHIST/GRANNY

What makes these glasses so stylish is their apparent stylelessness. People who wear them feel they have more serious intentions than those who choose aviator shapes; they therefore take themselves more seriously. In *The Graduate*, Jim Foyt wore them to indicate trans-historical correlation between wire rims and radicalism.



Franklin    Trinity    Hoot    Moss    Newberry



Horvath    Malton    Don Puccio    Capote    Mike Jean King



Stratton    Lerner    Wright    Smoker    L.B.J.



A pale Darr wore plastic frames as a disguise, credited back to revolutionary spirit for the trial.



## THE DUSTMANSKY METHOD

During *Mefisto* and *Antea Zita* (top) we talk and walk alone. Later, he discovered that you can't do a character right without the proper eyes. In *Who Is Harry Kalmer* (left), he does a gasp over in French Drama. *Wingspreads*, or *Star Wars* (right), he does a mathematician in Cokelotto-bathhouse. In real life (right), Hoffman wears drooping shades of the race.



## HOW TO TELL A HEAVY L.A. COCAINE DEALER FROM A L.A. HEAVY FILM DIRECTOR

Both have deep hair; both wear expensive ball-batons. But the pale dealer (right) wears pale version of the film director's smokes.



## HAND MAN'S EYES

If McLeane was right, and aging is shockproof, then kidnap has an edge on the future. What do you do with an obsolete organ? Stylize it!



Ray Charles    Peter Dinkl    Joe Pichon    Steve Wender



## MUTANTS

These glasses take basic styles and carry them beyond the pale. Ben He, for example, narrowed the Charles He to such that he can barely see out, and you can't see in at all. Says they help him concentrate.

## CLASSICS

Horrorists are the least blasé of cynosures, their message, monogamy. It takes a strong personality to overcome them, but some make it. In *Horror*, Allen Ginsberg comes through. In *Ginsberg* looks brainy, Nelson Rockefeller looks handsome and forthright. In the *Forties* and *Fifties*, horrorists were as stylish as motorcycles are now; in the *Sixties* they began to look academic.



John Seiz Zeno    Rockefeller    Ginsberg    Come    Gishbush



Kuiper    Harsh    Dandy    Kaja    Whitty

The Hockney Karl Club Pennington is a conservative two-ton frame—dark above, light below. It looks like a bastardization of horn-rim and grumpy, perfect for politicians, compromisers.



Fuller    Truett    Chubb    Daley    Nason

Half-frame specs, which are shaped for reading, make even the most frivolous people look serious. Worn at the tip of the nose, they become under-the-eye makeup.



Mullin    Abner    Duke of Windsor    Reagan    Churchill



# Survival Notes: A Journal

by Tennessee Williams

*The playwright as feather picker, chicken rancher, elevator operator, waiter, ashtray and teletype monitor*

**T**he logic that "there" is a socially impressive note let me tell you that early this fall, before the leaves had fallen, I happened to be wandering at one of the last great country houses in England, as close to Stonehenge as that one of the stones was dropped on the lady's estate before it got to that prehistorical sense of dreadful rampart and, probably due to collapse or result of stone labor, it was not indeed so well allowed to rest where it fell, and a lot of information had only the slightest and most oblique connection with the material which follows, at least up to this point. So now let's not stop.

It was bedtime and the lady of the manor, arriving as a sharp knock, inquired if I didn't want to retire with a good book since the house I was a restless sleeper. "Go to the library and pick out something," she advised me, nodding to a page, duly rose in the left wing of the Palladian mansion, and since she was already at her way upstairs, I had no means but to follow her suggestion. I entered the library and discovered it to contain almost nothing but very large leather-bound volumes of a vintage almost comparable to that state which didn't quite make it to Henge. Interestingly, I also discovered a secret door which, after a certain unobtrusively disguised by false book fronts, and this was not the only track of deception that I encountered. There was a real book in there which was titled *Forresters' Wife's Wife* or something of the sort. Quite curiously I watched it out of its case and found immediately to the note to see if I had made that some I was gratified to discover that there was considerable data upon that nonexistent personage who bore my preferred name: the data consisted of a number of business addresses but none of these addresses was distinctly unfathomable in its effect upon no longer. Among the lot of my hopes and needs was the astonishing announcement that in a certain year of the early Forties I had received a grant of one thousand dollars, yes, what is called a "big one" from The National Institute of Arts and Letters. It is in this year, not the donor, of the alleged grant that stands out so prominently in my mind, for that was the year in which I had lost literally everything I owned, including an old borrowed portable typewriter and everything else old and new and portable, including all clothes except a dirty flannel shirt, riding breeches and a pair of boots which were robes of a term in the study of antiquities I had taken in preference to render R.O.T.C. at the University of Missouri, and it was the year when I was released

from being in holding for compensation of rent, which was a manual rent, and it was the year when I had to go out on the street to burn a cigarette, that absolutely monstrous cigarette that a living and amazing writer must have to work in the morning and it was even the year when I usually had what the French call "apoplexie d'ennui" because I did not have the price of a bottle of Cognac, the standard price payable in those days and when I was once embarrassed by this anxiety on a crowded street corner in daylight. "You believed, you gave me credit last night!"—an anxiety which cut short my moral session in the French Quarter of New Orleans and sent me rushing—well, rushing is hardly the word, since I had no luggage—on my hands to Florida, coughing, heaving and spitting up blood, yes, blood, not snot, and presenting upon the highway such a spooky appearance that motorists would push their automobiles to the shoulders when they spotted me in the light of day and when I had to try to catch rides mostly at night, and I have gone on to prove these specific recollections of that year when I was supposed to be the heirloom recipient of that "big one" from the Institute of which I am now a tolerable member.

In the course of my early years as a skinny youth infatuated with a theatre which was happily oblivious of him, I knew and associated closely with a good many other young writers and/or actors and all of us were surrounded by the small-city wannabes in the face of which we were continually seeing our small crafts, such with his crew of one, himself that crew and its captain. We were sailing along in our separate small crafts but we were in sight of each other and sometimes in touch. I mean like heading in the same inlet of the rocky, wet-wilderness shoreline, and that gave us a warm sense of community, and too different from that which is felt today by kids called "outsiders" when the unpleasant weather of society has backed into what are called communes.

To have a problem in common is much like love and that kind of love was often the bond that we looked among us. And some of us married and some of us didn't, and it was sometimes a matter of which called love and sometimes a matter of being or not having the gift to endure and the will to I mean that none of us were voluntary dropouts, just occasional push-outs, and none of us had breath to waste on the totally fruitless complaint that we were not being fed with spoons of precious metal.

I am sure that when we had time to think of it, we must have suspected that a society whose ethics was so

grossly skewed, I mean a society that numbered its billions of dollars as we consider our millions, could have and possibly should have exhibited a bit more concern for the fate of the young artists who might plausibly be expected, if they chance to mature, to have some influence on the (very private) culture of a nation which was then, as it remains now, a nation in which by that conventionally true gauge which has fitted itself on the top of the talent pole and is scared of political class if it shows down.

**N**ow to be fair, there were, indeed, certain fabulously fat pocketbooks that scattered bits of much-polished dale to young talents. There were the Guggenheim fellowships to be had, sometimes at the last ditch by such a fortunate and yet fragile artist as Mark Crutcher, and perhaps it could never have come early enough to have saved him from his own destruction, but it came, when it did, much too late. And there were in the *Thirties* the W.P.A. projects, and, oh, God, did I ever try to make that scene in Chicago and New Orleans and was ever shipped down. And a bit later, there were the Rockefeller grants of a thousand dollars with a possible but invariable future increase by half the original pay rate. That one and its half-size addendum did come my way but we will get to that later.

The very rich have such a tender faith in the offering of small sums.

I should have put that observation in quotes rather than dates since it is not a remark of my own but one of the (legendary) Paul Hopperman sent against amateur on the really handiwork, tax-exempted as death, of our Rockefeller philanthropy.

It is only now, in retrospect, at a great distance of time, that I speak of these celebrated benefactors of the young and gifted in a tone that is something less than poetic, but yet you can get that down in the reality of memory as when I was in the young and untried, and living among others of that kind, there was no selfishness among us, at least no degree of it that distinguished us from the rest of humankind. Of course we all knew self-interest is one of those root centers of mankind which sustains many games. These exists also, as a root emotion of mankind, a feeling of self-respect sometimes carried to the excess of pride, and I have observed and have felt and still find and observe a bit more self-respect carried to the excess of pride that I've felt or observed myself, which is, after all, only a slight variation on self-contempt, a feeling that's better left to the externally telepathic.

**A**round 1940 I wrote my first play in my grandparents' home in Memphis in 1934 and that play (*Class' Shakespeare's Boyhood*) was successfully produced by the Rose Artie little-theatre group there called the Garden Players. On the program, Charlotte, best of all, was only a minor character and was given second billing to the other writer. This may sound a bit pettish of me but the young lady who put first billing had written only an introduction to the play and I should not presume to put that complaint in parentheses. It was not until after the first performance that the audience was genuinely amazed by the short play and I took my first bow into that first night in a good round of applause.

Despite this early success, I found myself employed early in 1939 as a feather picker on a squash ranch in one of those little communities of the south end of Los Angeles, which I've heard described as a lot of

villages in search of a city. This job of squash picking was a little more heretofore, but it had the consequence of a nonmaterial sort. Several times a week a group of young men and boys would gather in "the Village" and the squabs were escorted by singing their choruses and leading them by their ineffectually restraining hands which was then a job in which I had been. For each squab that each of us picked and prepared for the R.A. markets we would drop a feather in the milk bottle that bore our particular name and we were paid according to the number of feathers in their bottles when we handed off for the day. It was, for me, a distasteful thing; the compensation, besides the small pay, was the wonderful tapping among us behind (scissors in that shed, and I remember, never to forget, a hoarse bit of philosophy that was voiced by one of the most notable of them.

"See know," he said, "that if you hang out long enough as a corner of this coast, sooner or later a sea gull is going to fly over and pick a bit of gold on you." (I have quoted that line a couple of times, since it was a play and not in a film script, but I have yet to hear if I delivered from stage or screen. However.)

While I was out there at that occupation, a great piece of luck did hit me. I received a telegram from the Group Theatre in New York informing me that I had received a "special award" of one hundred dollars for a group of one person, Elmer. That was signed by Harold Clugman, Irvin Shaw and the late Mally Day Theater Kansas.

Most people no longer remember that a hundred dollars in the late Thirties was a pretty big slice of bread, since you, you know, you can hardly get a good grill to spend the night with you on it. But at that time it was not only a big slice of bread but it was a huge piece of encouragement and boost of morale and, even in those days, encouragement in my "golden craft and art" was far more important to me than anything conceivable else.

You know, I can never be a true minimalist, looking back on the totally sincere and non-mercenary considerations which I received from my colleagues and also from my employers on the squash ranch. That all knew that that was a great piece of luck and here, all of a sudden, that sea gull had flown over my corner and crowned me with this heavenly manna, and I had not even been waiting not even on that particular corner for a long time.

I could, of course, have paraded a lot ticket immediately and directly to Manhattan and had enough left over for a week or two at the "Y," but instead I bought for less than ten dollars a second-hand bicycle which was in good shape, and the lightest weight of any of the sort, and I rode it like a mad and we set out southwest on a highway called the Camino Real and we pedaled our way from Los Angeles County—Hawthorne, to be exact—down to and across the Mexican border. We went to Tijuana and to Acapulco, but we were only a few days on the way. The place was primitive and we were innocent and in a border-town cinema we met with—well, let's say we discovered that the little lightweight god has a predatory nature, sometimes, and we were considerably injured. But the cinema was not their charitable view, we started back, not to the cinema very real. In fact, we no longer had the price of nightly lodging along the way, but there were comfortable beds to sleep in under big stars.

Then in a corner near Laguna Beach—a lovely town in that part of the coast of California—there was a ranch at the entrance of which was a sign that said

"Wired Needed!" And since we needed help, too, we turned onto the dirt road and presented ourselves to the ranchers, an elderly couple who wanted to hire outsiders of their poultry for a couple of months while they made isolation somewhere. (I don't know why I was so committed to competence involving poultry in those days; no analysis has ever explained that to me.)

The old, respected married couple of chicken ranchers had not struck it rich on the ranch, in fact they were barely able to keep the chicken to feed, and they told us, with touching apologetics, that all they could offer to us in the way of remuneration was the occupancy of a little cabin at the back of the chicken run. We assured them that our passion for poultry was devoted to make the job self-sufficient, and they set out on their vacation and we moved into the cabin and established friendly relations with the chicken the first time we scattered their feed.

I don't know what the bunch of Lucania is like now but the Thurlin I met was a fine place to pass winter days. There was constant volleyball, there was surfing and surfing, there was an artist colony and there was so on and so forth and all of it was delightful. It seems to me that the last part of all was riding our horses to the canyon. For the first few days we rode the sky was still a poem. And days after every reach along the way looked at us, not threateningly, but just to let us know they were an act.

I suppose that summer was the happiest and brightest and most useful time of my life. I don't think I kept a journal, then, and in this journal I referred to that season as *My New Mexico*, which is the title of my favorite (Tribune) painting by Gauguin and which means "The Careless Days."

So it went that way till the moment I awoke which is the season when the sky goes gray at night, full of shooting stars which undoubtedly have an effect on human life, even when the sun's up.

To put it in two words: disaster struck. It struck first the chicken and cornered off them first. We came out of our cabin one crystal-clear morning to discover about a third of this feathered flock back on their backs and dead with legs extended in a state of rigid mortis, and the survivors of this flesh epidemic were not in much better condition. They were wandering dazedly about their enclosure as if they were of sorrow for their deficient compositions and new and then up of their world squawk and fall over and not get up again.

That was the end of *My New Mexico*. My friend had somehow legitimately acquired a bout-up old Ford and late that day of disaster he split the scene and I was alone with the plume-stricken poultry, and almost earned their life. That was, I believe, the longest time in my life I was alone. I went without sleep for about two days except for some moments of dream peace and some recollections that I still was and that from a grove in the canyon. I submitted on these meager ration, since the heretofore surviving but doomed chicken did not appear fit for the frypan or steppage, and I myself was afflicted with a curious insect that made me distracted to learn the ranch, and anyhow I hadn't a dime left in me, nor even postage for a letter of sympathy if I had been in the mood for such an embarrassment.

I learned, however, that after about three days of semi-starvation you stop feeling hungry. The stomach contracts, the gastric juices subside, and God or somebody drops in on you invisibly and painlessly re-

jects you with attention, so that you find yourself drifting into a curiously, an absolutely senseless, peaceful condition, and this condition is ideal for meditation on things past and passing and to come, is just what is needed.

After a fortnight in that condition, nearly hermitical, I heard my friend's motorboat spluttering with exhaustion toward the cabin and he entered, arriving casually as if he had left his macabre before. During his absence he had played his destiny in a night spot near L.A., had received a week's salary, and that sum was sufficient to get on into the San Bernardino Mountains for a time of recuperation from our respective ordeals.

I was receiving letters that summer from various agents on Broadway who had seen my name in the star columns as winner of that Group Theatre "special award." One agent said she was not interested in service plans but was looking for a good "vehicle." I wrote her that the only vehicle I had to offer was a second-hand tale. Yet another lady, Audrey Wood, expressed a more serious interest, and on the advice of Molly Day Thatcher (Kazin) I chose Miss Wood to represent me, and this dear little person when her husband called "The Little Giant of the American Theatre"—both of them were very well educated—looked me on eight women as a client and she continued to represent me for a long, long time.

In the late Autumn of 1938, during a period of excitement to the stars of the Hollywood circuit, I received a wire from Miss Louise H. Rifkin, executive secretary of the Dramatic Guild at that time, and a phone call from Audrey Wood informing me that I was the recipient of a thousand-dollar grant, on which both I and the Guild set out to catch the first Greyhound to the city of New York where the action was in those days, and possibly still is.

When this information first came through, it was my first glimpse of the redoubtable Mrs. Rifkin (Constance C. Williams) who lived in the city. She was perfectly collapsed. I think it was the first time that I saw her in town and it was a very startling sight and one which still touches me deeply, that night and her outburst. "Oh, Tom, I'm happy!"

Of course I was just as happy as she was but for some reason a piece of good fortune has never moved me to tears, nor has a piece of bad fortune, for that matter. I only cry at sentimental moments which are usually bad for me.

St. Louis is not a large part of the world and yet the fact that the Rockefeller had invested a thousand dollars in my talent as a writer, which lacked a great deal in the way of substantial evidence at that time and probably for the rest of my life, was a matter of considerable local interest. All three of the St. Louis newspapers invited me to their offices for interviews on the subject of this grant.

(Parenthetically, my father, who had acquired a sort of celebrity reputation as a fairly big wheel in the International Shoe Company, had suffered a remarkable misadventure during an all-night poker party at the Hotel Jefferson not long before. The misadventure had not been openly publicized but there had been a good deal of gossip about it. Somebody in the poker game had called him a "red" and my father, being of legitimate and distinguished lineage in East Tennessee, had knocked the bastard down and the bastard had scrambled back up and had hit off my father's ear, left or right, at least he had hit off most

of the external part of it, and "G.G." had been hospitalized in plastic surgery. Curiously, was removed from his ribs and skin from his forehead and the bottom of his neck and he was not, as I am sure, not at all, either deeply impressed. The gossip concerning this incident had given the family a certain underground prominence in St. Louis and the county, which rubbed off on me when I got my grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. I think it is fairly safe to say that there has been public and private interest in the case and some of our fortunes ever since. ...)

I had arrived in New York City by Greyhound at daylight, had not rested or shaved, and looked pretty disreputable when I presented myself at the imposing office of Ledingwood Wood, Inc., way up in the R.C.A. Building at Thirty Rockefeller Plaza.

The reception room was full of girls seeking chance jobs in a musical that Mr. Ledingwood was entering, they were milling about, chattering like birds on a lawned lawn, when Mr. Ledingwood came charging out of his inner sanctum and shouted, "Oh, my, my, how you look!" and everybody here we except me, I remained on a chair in a corner. A number of girls were selected for auditions, the others gently discouraged, and they rushed chattering off. Then Ledingwood turned me and said, "Nothing for you today."

I said, "I don't want anything today except to meet Miss Wood."

"Out to lunch," he said, and he informed me. And dead on that cue she entered the outer office, a very small and dainty woman with red hair, a porcelain complexion and a look of cool perspicacity in her eyes which remains to this today.

I found that this was the lady I'd come to see and I was not mistaken. I got up and introduced myself to her and she said, "Well, well, you've finally made it!" to which I replied, "Not yet." I meant this not as a retort, but only to indicate that I was not yet discomfited by her redoubtable pair of lips.

The closing of a Broadway-bound play and the maintenance of a firm of New York producers which was at that time, the most prosperous in the American theatre and the most prestigious. ... ok, why be difficult about it. The surviving number or members of that firm couldn't care less now. It was the Theatre Guild, the play was *Beasts of Angels*, and the time was around Christmas of 1946.

The play was pretty "far out" for its time and included, among other tactical errors, a mixture of super religiously and hysterical necessity consisting in a central character who was a police officer sent to guard the play as a theoretical counterpart of the bizarre phantoms surfacing in their city.

I was summoned to a state at the Arts-Culture on Boston Common. All the big bosses of the Guild were present, except their playmaker, John Gassner, who had persuaded them to produce my play and was understandably absent. Among those present were the director, Miss Margaret Webster of the United Kingdom, dainty little Miss Thelma Heilman of the light lavender hair, and Mr. Lawrence Langner.

"We're closing the play," I was calmly informed. "Oh, but you can't do that!" I cried out. "Why, I put my heart in the play!"

There was a slightly embarrassed pause before Miss Webster spoke up quite elegantly with this one-liner:

"(Smiles at the Theatre Guild and the Arts-Culture and Mr. Langner who were)

"You must not wear your heart on your sleeve for days to peak at."

Miss Heilman said, "At least you're not out of pocket."

Whereupon my spirit inspired, usually, "What about money?"

The pause after that one-liner was less embarrassing than calculating.

I confessed to guess, I hope not pitifully, at either Miss Heilman or Mr. Langner and for the first time they smiled, or perhaps just glanced, at the unbalanced face of my agent.

"We will," said Mr. Langner, "we'll give him a hundred dollars to go away somewhere and rewrite the play and if it's submitted again in the spring, we will consider the rewrite for next season."

Essentially, the situation was this: I had run out of my thousand-dollar grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, my two-week Boston residency did not quite cover those paid in advance, and I had just about torn him back to New York and my room at the "F."

The hundred dollars looked big in this situation, since a dollar was worth a dollar in those days, and that hundred took me to Key West, Florida, where I lived in a cabin behind a boardinghouse for seven dollars a week and worked his bill's business on the waters of Botta.

Spring came and with it a lovely five-hundred-dollar bonus from a very rich and kind Rockefeller. On it I returned with my rewritten *Beasts* to Manhattan, submitted it to the Guild, and after some weeks of reflection Mr. Langner phoned me. (I mean he answered when I phoned him.)

"About the new rewrite, Tennessee. You have gone the Longing Foe of Calaveras County, you know, that Mark Twain story, I mean you rewrite it too much like the frog jumped out of the county."

And that was that.

After he'd hung up, I thought carefully of my first meeting with the Rockefeller. On it I still like and remember clearly. He had a dash the title of the President's and it had been covered that day with many playwrights that I had imagined to exist in the world in one great position, he kept the desk clean of all scraps but mine and said, "I have no interest in you. They just go on, as please it do." (Since that day, when people have spoken to me of "money," I have felt an inside pocket to make sure my wallet's still there.)

Returning elsewhere in Manhattan: My most colorful full term of employment of this type was a short-lived shift at the old San Jacinto Hotel, a building once demolished, on Madison Avenue between 42nd and 43rd Streets, where I was a maintenance man for damages of high degree that diminished fortune who would spend their last dime on a good address. Not all of these damages got along well together. In fact there were two of them, an old girl who bore the stately name of Anthea and went into a manicure saloon whenever she inadvertently found herself in the elevator with another old girl who bore an equally prestigious surname.

There was another young poet on the night shift with me. He was the phone company's maintenance man and I must mean, not even if the San Jacinto caught fire, permit these two daughters to occupy the elevator at the same time.

Well, it happened: they did. And this scene in that elevator was like the climax of a midnight, And (wouldn't you know) the elevator stuck between floors!

I tried to get it back up to the dockhouse floor, and the other doorman shouted, "Get back up, down, down!" I swung the crank and the elevator stalled between floors nine and ten, and the disturbance must have awakened everyone in the building that midnight. I am now convinced that old ladies are immune to shocks, despite many reports to the contrary.)

I remember that the hotel also contained a marvelous old character actress named Mrs. Witherspoon. I believe it is safe for me to say that this delightful lady, now gone from us, was addicted to morphine and that the poet said I had to fill her prescriptions for her at an all-night pharmacy.

Morphine it happened to be a "downer" but it always gave Miss Witherspoon a "high."

She used to mix with the poet and me till nearly daybreak in the Blue Juvenile Jolly. Her "high" would sweep her head out like the first cock's crow. Then the poet and I would sort of lift her into the lift, the poet would open her bedroom door and I would put her to the side of her bed and let her drop on it.

"What will I do without you boys?" she'd murmur, with that sweet, sad wisdom of the old who knew that "all will pass."

Has anyone ever understood the transmittable gaiety and charm of old ladies, in and out of the theatre, as well as Grandmothers in The Madwoman of Chertsey? Kate Winslow was just an quite old and much enough to support the charisma of their lineage.)

**T**oward the end of 1943 I was companion to an elegant painter in the warehouse district of the West Village. This friend was, nervously speaking, a "hooker" too. I soon he was a real truck-out before it was fashionable to be one.

During that period I was very briefly employed at a bistro called The Beggar's Bar, owned by a fantastic refugee from Nazi Germany named Valenza Galt.

She was a dance-came, and that is by no means all. I was working only for tips. She was licensed to serve just beer but she stretched the license a bit to include whisky. There was food in the nature of sandwiches and soups. There was a singer who was either a male or female transvestite, I've never known which, and there was always and forever the inescapable Valenza.

At times I supplemented my tips as a waiter by giving prompts instead of beverages.

For example, this (not copyrighted, repeat at will):  
*With a war through the world with a long,  
 he showed the doors, he showed and he sang,  
 he brought of the day and the ways of men,  
 who could breathe he knew the right of men,  
 and nobody stopped him cause nobody cared  
 and nobody lived here but With was good  
 He showed the neighbors, he gave them a freight,  
 when he was not pulled in the middle of the night,  
 and pulled in the gutter and passed on the lens  
 and was barely seen (N) the end of dawn.  
 He had two sons by a beautiful wife  
 who killed herself with a butcher's knife.  
 One son went mad, the other went blind.  
 In the end old With was quiet and dead.*

He gave up gambling and he gave up booze,  
 he gave up the war with the secretaries boys,  
 he died to be buried and he died in his sleep—  
 the neighbors all gathered to pray and to weep  
 and his widow kept kept in a man the man  
 came down of 'em remembered what a dirty house he  
 was.

Now of course this sort of thing was pretty run for those days and I became something of a draw. And tips were sizable.

One night the Waiters called the waiters together and announced a change of policy.

She said that the waiters (there were those of all had to pad their tips and then split them with the management, meaning herself).

On this particular evening I had a number of close friends and acquaintances in the bar, among them the abstract painter. He was present when Valenza announced her new policy, just after closing time, in the kitchen of The Beggar's Bar.

I told the lady that I had absolutely no intention whatsoever of padding my tips with the other waiters and having it split with the management. The abstract painter was attracted to the intention by that many considerations. Since the kitchen was there was a crate of quart soda bottles and as soon as he ordered he began to haul these bottles at the celebrated discotheque. At least a dozen bottles were hauled at the lady before one of them struck her. The pretty woman and an ambulance were summoned, the lady received several stitches in her scalp, and, needless to say, I was out of a job at that particular night spot.

Not long after on a bitterly cold Friday which was not Good, with the new year, 1944, just began, I was unexpectedly evicted from my little friend's apartment. My friend, the abstract painter, had taken to his bed with some malady of nervous origin but he still desired company, and each evening he would dispatch me out upon the streets of Greenwich Village to fetch home carefully selected kinds of music. I was as willing to oblige as Harlow, and so was another friend whom we called "the pilot job," and the serious young painter was kept apparently diverted most evenings of that season. But one night "the pilot job" and I fetched home some guests of a repulsive nature, and the following morning the police found several pieces of music missing. After making an inventory, he only decided to dispense with my company and services. I was kicked out, and I had the trick but not the cash to pick up my laundry at "the Chinaman's," and barely a railway fare.

Two desperate days later, for the first and last time in my life, I made a direct and personal appeal for economic assistance: a phone call to the dramatist's branch of a mass devoted to the care and feeding of writers. I was bawled, yes, indeed, the sort of govt. govt. govt. govt. to keep me off the slippery streets until the spring thaw set in, a season later.

In my own added failure I am a rather ingenuously, as well as ingenuously, creature, and in those days I had a sort of pathetic appeal in certain circles, and when the two dollars was exhausted I dropped in, for dinner at the Madison Avenue posthouse of a very successful composer of "pop" music, and I not only stayed for dinner but for the next four months, till spring arrived.

After that, it was summer and I had another friend, much less prosperous but equally good-hearted. Knowing the problems of my situation in Manhattan, he wrote me from Macon, Georgia, inviting me to spend the summer with him.

I arrived in that deep Southern town and found that he was receiving a visit in an attic and I was to be lodged in the other half of it.

It was the middle of summer and it was the middle of Georgia. My room in the attic had two windows the size and shape of lintels. Let's say it was a very wet summer despite the fact that (Continued on page 148)



## AUTUMN IN ACADEME

**T**

here is this to be observed of the semiconscious of clothes-consciousness on the campus the fall: 1) a prevalence of plaid—and the bolder the better; 2) the bulky look of cardigans; 3) the return of the duffel (a word toward upon) which is an appropriate for quadrangle cardigans as for the more formal occasions when grown wants town. In the photograph above: a velvet-trimmed polyester jacket and velvet pants (John Hargrave Brown, Leon of Paris, 218) are worn with a cotton shirt (Madison, 222.50) and a patterned silk scarf (Boutique, 215).



**A**t the left, a wool Rhineland jacket and cotton corduroy pants and vest (Borchen & Co., \$145) with Gault's Furall polyester and cotton shirt (\$18) and Bowler's market-end wool tie (\$5). Right, a wool-and-acrylic jacket (\$120), wool slacks (\$78), sleeveless wool V-neck (\$25), cotton knit shirt (\$22-30), all sewn by Larry Kinn for Bowler Weir

Left: a wool-blend-nylon side-vented jacket (Clinton Swan, \$75), teamed with wool slacks (Carlin, \$25) and an acrylic-and-cotton ribbed T-shirt (Bowler Weir, \$22). Right: a wool plaid jacket (\$85) and wool slacks (\$30), both from Johnny Carson Apparel; a wool crew-neck sweater (Gordon Gregory, \$15), and cotton shirt (Madison, \$28).



**O**n the opposite page, the return of the duffel, a coat given great cachet by Trevor Howard in *The Third Man*. Left: a fly front shirting (\$90), Shetland wool Argyle crew neck (\$75), button-down Oxford shirt (\$46.95), corded knit slacks (\$90), all by Ralph Lauren for Polo. Right: a plaid duffel with toggles (\$125) and wool knit slacks (\$40) by Stuart Nelson for Douglas Blackie. Above left: a wagen busser short-sleeve vest (Regent Co. \$225), People's container sweater (\$60). Center: an Italian wool melton belted-belt short-sleeve vest (Robert Charman for Alton Sportswear, Montreal, \$225). Right: a cotton short-sleeve sweater (Jeepers \$130), Grinn Trench (Robert Bruce, \$18)

Photographed by Bob Richardson

ESQUIRE SEPTEMBER 1980



**T**he fall's cardigans feature the bulky, nostalgic look of football sweaters taking a breather. And they are as warm as they look. The convertible-collared model shown above (Pendleton, \$40) tops a virgin-wool People T-neck (\$35)

Below, more swagging colors characterize cardigans worn by undergraduates this fall. Above, a show-collar model (\$55) and plaid-front cotton flared shirt (\$33.50) by Ralph Lauren for Polo, and woolblend slacks (Chaps, \$34)

## SEBAGO COUNTRY IS

Men alone in the white water. Works on the Algonquin and no one else speaks your name. But the Mountain is there, of Karstodon, watching your every illicit move. Serango County where whatever a man's tale, a superior type of justice serves to measure his skill, and personal satisfaction still comes from an honest day's work.

**SEBUJO**

**T**his year's jackets will be shorter. Above left: a wool and woolblend with a quilted lining (Fox Knopp, \$85). Center: like the daffodil quilts available at World War II, this one is Rembrandtish, made of wool with contrast stitching and a plaid cowl-like lining (Shabaz, \$150). With it, cotton-woolblend slacks by Beecey (114). Right: a slouchy all-wool jacket with acrylic-wool collar and quilted lining (Peters Restroom, \$85). The blue wool slay by J.D. Lee









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"He was sitting and galled on his pipe."  
 "Not coming, Ted, no!"  
 They watched Nell and the pappies  
 through the window.  
 "Stumpie said," the farmer said,  
 "Gone to London."  
 "Gone?" Ted groaned. "Had a bit  
 last night on the Lam, by all accounts,"  
 he said.  
 "Lucky. We heard how come back,"  
 William said.  
 They gazed, watching the doctor  
 among the rocks.  
 "Is what you strange, Jim?" the  
 doctor.  
 "Not a countryman, Ted. Not a poe-  
 ter. Too much time on his hands. So  
 villain. Walked a lot At night." He  
 said.  
 "Does he often. And with a skirted  
 Nannie in it," the policeman said.  
 "No more," the farmer said.  
 The doctor's face grew red, pink-  
 ing his way through the rubble. "At  
 that of such substance?" he asked.  
 "No, Ted, I can't check for me, but  
 you, Ted, there's a good fellow."  
 The Sergeant snickered and made his  
 way downhill. The doctor gazed at his  
 pipe.  
 "Two men," the farmer said.  
 "Crossed me," he supposed.  
 "That's how I came to notice him."  
 Ted said.  
 "Affairs," the doctor said.

IS THIS THE FACE THAT NAMED A THOUSAND RINGS

**Crestmont** from page 200) Popular opinion in the ethnobiology building here is that Timberlake is not overly fond of the word "ethnobiology" and has been more marginally ethnobiological in his general personality than I and Timberlake, who thought of renaming the President's Center for Ethnobiology to the Red Timberlake ethnobotany lab sometime with great eagerness. Indeed he speaks with enthusiasm about his trip to the Klamath Mountains and the way the Klamath people showed him to spend less fall days and the collection at the Wiyatna site. He also speaks with enthusiasm that Timberlake was accompanied with Numa at a party in Whittier. Was there any other misunderstanding about my President's Center for Ethnobiology? In the same time "He was a good scientist," he offers. Anything else? Quetz, tobacco, pimento, cayenne, chili peppers? Timberlake smiles, "I guess," he says at last. "If we had known he was going to be President we would have paid more."

He changes the subject by taking me out to see his collection of Hymenoptera—bees, wasps, and ants—housed in a wooden cabinet eight feet tall or one hundred fifty boxes. But, glass covered drawers, each drawer containing long twigs of nephrolepis crystals in pressed profusely insects still in view from hunching upon the less fortunate. Each drawer is packed with tanks and columns of various species, about thirty or forty of the same type, arranged in solid rows, wings spread, like marching battalions of insect warriors. Each wasp

[illegible][illegible]

There are thousands of winged things from the size of a large housefly to jungle varieties with the wingspan of a sparrow.

Timberlake goes down at the point of haze brown wings arched neatly in the droop and considers the idea carefully. "Oh," he says after a moment, "they are."

Outside Timberlake's small office the summer breeze has come unusually early to Riverbank, and now, just two days past the equinox, the heavy air has bloomed with the rich pillowy-brown of autumnal clouds that is common

There has not appeared consistently over the more sustained writings of Meyer or Dugas. For the minute to minute, the collapse of ecology is an unbearable motif!

What I mention ecology, Timberlake has a better idea. He writes kindly in a letter from London: "I have just received a letter from a friend living in Chicago regarding a certain kind of expensive suburban development in the spring, and an undeveloped natural area in the East been in the area by the end of the century and completely cover the sides of the mountains. The area is being destroyed by being abandoned by human beings. What, the lawyer said, can be done? Timberlake shakes his head and smiles. "It is not in the state of the modern."

"Don't know what to tell them," he says, taking the letter from me and returning it. "I am full of your kind. I just don't know."

Another interesting substance in the African "killer" bee, suddenly released from the African continent, is now moving northward a few hundred miles a year. "As ordinary bees," Timberlake says, "they radiate from the African continent and are found in the house and travel in areas that have been known to kill dogs and men. The bees are not a threat to human health, but they will attack."

[illegible][illegible]

is shown in contrast to my memory in *Memories*,  
 Table contained in U.S. Patent Office. Printed on  
 the U.S. Use of this system is used in design  
 illustrations, including in *Memories* but used in its  
 intended in its intended use and in the system  
 ability of English. It is shown in *Memories*

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## ... SO WHAT'S LEFT? THE FREE-LOVE BLAHS

(Continued from page 82) twist other relationships. There just isn't the element of choice anymore.

Though each has acquired new lovers, Ellen and Paul remain friends. "... only now we can't stress demands in each other's lives," Ellen says. "It spreads more easily with her now because in his house, but it is a different kind of relationship. It's an assumed fact that it doesn't have the same commitment. With Paul, I was always half his instead of myself. Now I know myself better and I have other relationships. I love Ellen and I love her now I feel before my new boyfriend. I love them both." Paul agrees that they get along better now than they once did because

perhaps "blacker of us here, or know, what we want to do. We got too involved in each other's weakness, and couldn't distinguish our own. But she's still a good friend, the best I have."

Other friends are able to maintain long friendships with each other, but the sexual behavior—not exactly affairs on the rise, but something like that. Others break up for a while only to come back together after a period of individual exploration. Because they lived together, Ellen and Paul now know something about themselves they didn't know before. "I was a little more of a loner," Ellen says, "and now I want to start on coping with the outside world together. It's not more—or less—exciting than this." ■

## AN OPEN LETTER TO THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.

(Continued from page 216) ing-class families has been the traditional location of America's cities. Often, these families have the cities for the suburbs. Security issues, but the cities have the problems. The cities have the crime, money and resources. They, cities are power-driven, while suburbs are more apathetic and more likely to turn their backs on their inner-city populations.

Local taxes have been so unreasonable that cities are starting to struggle to afford these services. Yet, Washington takes most of the nation's tax dollars, and returns little of it in cash and kind or even services. What more and more Americans are realizing is that the Federal government really doesn't do much for us apart from the price it charges. It doesn't close the streets or pick up the garbage. It doesn't (except in national wars) defend citizens, nor for the past or present or future crime. The cost of these services is paid primarily through property taxes. And property taxes, you might have noticed, are the only taxes that are not tax-cuttable by the wealthy. They are the nation's biggest bug. They are the nation's biggest bug. The cost of the nation has been left to pick up the tab for most of the unforgotten burden of America.

The Federal government, like any other government, has had the best of times and the worst of times. It has a little cash and a lot of restrictions on how that money can be spent. These restrictions, by insurance, either to limit government standards of moral responsibility. Yet, too many Federal dollars actively in the hands of private citizens. There is a nearly perfect machine money for technology, most resources have spent to invest in more and more complex most systems rather than utilizing their resources to more reduce use by creating better mass transportation.

We, our educated citizens need reform. Because sharing is a vital part of an urban agenda. You cannot continue to think of all the money the Federal Government spends in the name of the name of a need come back directly to cities in restriction-free block grants. Cities and states must derive some benefits from the Federal government's

great job-creating capacity, for the further a government gets from the people, the easier it is to abuse resources. Furthermore, the income tax is much less restrictive than the property taxes which more citizens must bear to meet services. And I want that to be wrong. Congress is the one to make the income tax more just, and general with the tax reform proposed by most middle-class citizens and the Congress.

In addition to revenue sharing, the Federal government must examine its expenditures that are new left to local governments—infused. The welfare, based upon race of them? We are going to achieve a workable formula for welfare reform by trying to impose a Federal cap on top of fifty separate state systems. We need a simple national program to deal with the problem of the poor, past and for the future. The Federal government, with state benefits, above the poverty line, for all Americans. We can't break the cycle of poverty and persistent dependence of welfare reform any more, thus we can reduce welfare rolls without creating jobs and providing training.

Obviously, the burden of providing services for the poor will lessen as the poor are better able to pay their taxes for themselves. For that reason, increased social security benefits, pension security, and a program of national health insurance are as basic as welfare reform to us as a nation.

There are some forms of Federal assistance I believe you should retain—especially, Federal housing assistance and a greatly expanded program of aid to education. In these areas, Federal requirements can successfully challenge our two hundred-year-old legacy of racial discrimination. Open housing and anti-fair-housing can break patterns that have locked some Americans away from other Americans for centuries. Desegregation requirements and measures assistance to public education can ensure an equal quality education for every child. We will not have a truly open society without this kind of change, and we must have this kind of change unless you, as President-elect,

make a case for it.

Finally, local governments must be able to preserve neighborhoods and communities and confront the fear of crime. While there is no more presumption for self-interest, there is a number of ways we do have to ensure public safety.

We need to overhaul our system of selected justice, a system that now produces more criminals than it rehabilitates. The Federal government must demonstrate, within its own right, that new, more of trusting citizens, it must provide assistance for states to undertake their reforms.

Money must be made available for better training and better equipment for local police. A national academy, similar to what Paul and other services academy, should be established to train a new generation of law-enforcement specialists. Drug abuse prevention is linked to crime in so many parts of our country, a single national agency for the treatment and prevention of drug abuse must attack this problem. But the most important state defense would be adequate Federal legislation controlling the sale and distribution of handguns.

There are the major issues of an urban agenda. They need not so much than you can easily step out of the defense budget and cut through reform in the way system. They need the creation of new jobs and new cities. They need not only for these offices as needed, but for the additional millions of Americans who are no longer looking for work or are working only part time or for inadequate wages.

If you are to end the people's distress with our society and the creation with us in society, if we are to break out these Americans locked into permanent poverty and end our cities, the basic capacity to get on with the job of so-called infrastructure, if we are to make America work for all its people, then we'd best get serious on some national program of national priorities. It is the best chance now available to you.

But you won't get far with such an agenda if you simply write it all down, wrap it up, and send it to Congress. Congress will not act if the President sends it. And the nation must be led to such a demand by a President who will stand with all of his personal resources and all the powers of his office.

I look forward, with great anticipation, to the next few years. And I am in of my service in the confidence of these policies, please don't hesitate to call.

Respectfully,  
John V. Lindsay

Nobody is safe from diabetes. So to conquer it now.

Send a check to your local diabetes distributor or to the American Diabetes Association, 18 East 63rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10021.

# Will you get stuck with last year's microphone on this year's tape recorder?

Getting the latest in tape recorders doesn't mean you're getting the latest in microphones. Because some tape recorders still come with a hand-held mike. That can make you freeze up. And since they're in the place in hand, they can get lost or forgotten.

But Panasonic has got us covered in all that. With condenser microphones built right into our portable cassette tape recorders. So you know where they are. Without them getting in your way. Push two buttons and you're ready to record. Just about anywhere. Because the condenser mike is non-removable. And our tape recorders work on batteries as well as house current.

You can start small and still have a big range to choose from. There's Panasonic's RQ-4225 with a 4" speaker. And the



RQ-4224S with a 3-inch tape counter. Or the RQ-4225 that R. It is your pocket. There's even the RQ-4055 with piano key push-button controls.

If you're thinking bigger, there's the RQ-5770. With the Auto-Sleep mode. That turns the machine off. So you can doze off. To fully enjoy from your favorite cassette, or the built-in FM/AM radio.

But if you'd rather not then listen, there's the RQ-4335. With a 4-band radio that picks up

More, FM, AM, and TV stations. So you can listen to your favorite TV program even when you can't watch it.

Think even bigger and there's a stereo cassette recorder for you. The RS-2048. With two microphones. And two speakers. One for each ear.

All these models are so different. Yet so much alike. Because they all have Easy-Matic recording. That sets the right recording level automatically. Auto-Stop. That shuts off the recorder. If you forget it. They're all our and have adaptable. And come with no expensive, pre-recorded cassette and instructions.

So if you want this year's tape recorder, see your Panasonic dealer. He won't leave you holding the rifle.



**Panasonic**  
just slightly ahead of our time.

500 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 (Circle 1 on Reader Service Card)

(Continued from page 15) another side's opinion of the best tour bargains, but it certainly does not.

Our research has developed a certain respect for just the effort—let alone the fair for reading the fine print, perhaps—which we gladly pass on in the hope that when you pore over the tour agent's or you pick up your travel agent or the nearest airline office it will help you make your own decision on whether to take the travel bargain. Here now, it's our printer on How to Read a Travel Folder.

Most should be read as though they were written in Italian—down back to front. Skip the ostentatious descriptive adjectives in the front part at last and turn to the fine print, usually on the back page. If enough details are spelled out, look immediately at the bottom of the page for the last that says "Police liability."

Police liability... to... "Folger told from... to... "Observe you might find yourself studying details of a tour that is no longer being offered (We found one reason for this page in April, 1972), nevertheless a surprising number of unlisted 1971 brochures turned up in the national set on my request.

The back page of tour folders is usually captioned "General Information" or "General Conditions," and one page will be headed "Responsibility." This tells you just what liability is resting the tour. If your tour operator isn't included, or if you're never heard of him, check his reputation with your local travel agent, or query the American Society of Travel Agents, 340 Lexington Avenue, New York 10017.

Now study the paragraphs titled "Cost of the tour includes," or something of the sort, and, even more important, "Cost of the tour does not include." In comparing tour prices, watch for the following points:

1. Air transportation. This item should specify whether first-class or economy air fare is included, and the appropriate fare between showrooms. If the fare is specified elsewhere on the page, if the tour price is based on Group Insurance Tour (G.I.T.) fares, the airline or tour operator might have to cancel the departure if it isn't full. In some persons do not sign up far any specific date. No mention of air transportation on the last page of the brochure usually indicates that the tour price does not include it.

2. Hotels. Which category (deluxe, first class, "best available," etc.)? Is "private bath" specified and is the tour price based on sharing a room? It usually is, with a supplementary charge for single occupancy and sometimes a discount in the per-person rate for a family of three sharing one room. When there is no indication of room or occupancy on a tour, the tour manager will sometimes restate the necessary single room occupancy among the tour particulars on certain nights, or women who shared on one of our tours got a single-room bonus every night because

nobody could sleep in a room with her.)

However, a number of leading tour operators such as the Houshold Travel Service charge tour members extra for single occupancy even if they don't want it, and our tour folder is checked, from the John Deere Travel Service, specifies it only in those no-occupancy terms. "On escorted departures where single rooms sometimes have to be assigned due to an odd number of tour passengers, the supplement for same must be paid by the person occupying same, whether he chooses or not." Which, if we were traveling alone, would be a good reason to choose another tour?

3. Meals. Just which and how many are included? Are they à la carte? True luxury tours should provide à la carte meals, lower cost tours almost always restrict members to a table d'hôte or co-person meals.

4. Sight-seeing. English-speaking guides? Extensive facts for museums and other places visited? By private car? How many passengers in a car? If the brochure says "by motorcoach," that means a bus—and it can be anything from a dumpy, air-conditioned, glass-enclosed land-cruiser with rotating seats, bus and toilet, to a rattlesnake that was yanked out of the Yosemite run back in '31. Unfortunately you won't know just what it is until you're in it—which is just one reason why the reputation of the tour operator is so important. TWA has just about achieved the ultimate in sight-seeing buses this year with the introduction of its new Minnie, a radically designed vehicle large enough to seat fifty passengers but large enough to thoughtfully keep seats air-conditioned and heated as a theatre and there's a round roof skylight, with a sort of rain-sensor, that the individual windows and mail-compartment lights resemble those in airplanes.

5. Airport taxes. The tour price should take care of them, otherwise they can mount up, especially on a multinational itinerary. The same far transition between airports and hotels.

6. Orientation. At the very least, a group tour price should take care of the cost of a local taxi and guides for local services. But on most tours you'll still have to do some additional tipping, when guides are outstanding and the tour manager isn't around.

7. Miscellaneous information. Often this is where the true character of a luxury tour is revealed. One tour brochure, for instance, specifies that no more than three passengers will ride in each two-passenger car, thus ensuring each a window seat, and that every passenger will have a window seat on night-seeing buses. It specifies meals served by the tour manager in these words: "All meals, including full breakfast, anywhere. Members have the use of their own cars and, except where such use is indicated in the travel notes, may stay in the restaurants of their choice. When you drive away from your

hotel, you are immediately reimbursed by your Tour Manager."

Now you can take in the front of the brochure and study the passages with the purple prose that have about you have to read carefully. The difference between a hotel "on the beach" and one "near the beach" can be a half mile. Look over the daily program and see if all the destinations listed are actually stopovers. For contrast, at least, or if some of them are only driven through on the way to something else. But don't close a tour simply because it includes more destinations than a vacation—the itinerary might be so taxing that you wouldn't be able to enjoy more than half of them. Conversely, don't buy a tour just because its itinerary provides quite a bit of free time. You'll be able to use it.

You'll find that most tours listed in the accompanying charts carry an "IT" code number. All international packaged tours must be submitted to the International Air Transportation Association—I.A.T.A.—for approval, and code numbers are used to simplify identification by the members of your operator and travel agency. Thus it's useful to know the code number of any tour you want to discuss with your travel agent or airline office. It's not necessary to know just what the code means—but it is interesting.

As an example, let's consider Tour ITW71A123, which happens to be a twenty-two-day European tour for \$108 up, including air fare, packaged by American Express. The IT means it's an I.A.T.A. independent tour, the "W" means it was introduced in 1972, the "71" means that TWA is the carrier; the "A" indicates the area, in this case Europe, and the "123" means that it's American Express tour number 123. However, some tour carry "ITC" identification numbers. That means they are inclusive group charters, which we described above.

Whatever the type of tour, and wherever it is wanted, it does not mean here a perfect tour, and we don't want such if there ever will be. Things sometimes go wrong on packaged tours just as they do for the individual traveler. Flights are delayed or cancelled. Guide refuse to check out of hotels when they're supposed to, or the rooms are already or unavailable. The evening pool is drained for cleaning on the day that you arrive. Air-conditions are out and, in night-seeing tours, the occupants hold—on recent cruises we saw chandeliers out of groups and passed into emergency services. Guides come unwell or disinterested, in they make their constant in a temporary replacement. But these contrivances happen regardless of how often they happen. They do the traveler and on his own, because holders, carriers, airlines agencies and hotel night-seeing outfits will never themselves ever be a company with which they have a continuing business relationship that for a traveler they might never see again. And the buyer is the tour operator and the better his reputation, generally, the greater is his clout. ☐



# Heineken tastes tremendous

IMPORTED HEINEKEN IN BOTTLES, ON DRAFT AND DARK BEER.

Heaven's price was 200 of Boston's, his father still doing the bills. He returned to the States in the middle of Joe McCarthy's campaign and discovered that he didn't get a job as a government consultant because his teacher in London had once told Harold Lloyd Pollock that he was a "damn good" shop. He was a good salesman, no doubt about that. The trade magazine *Jewelry*, Covadex-Kravitz reported that the Pollock store was the most profitable jewelry store in a city that ran in the nation in 1955.

"It's not worth enough," he says. "I'd just about made money, but I was trying to sell." Pollock began specializing in various projects—a door-to-door jewelry venture, a conceptualized, selling agency for mid-century furniture store—all of them, he says, money losers.

He opened the current shop on the Bowdoin, in 1956 with \$750 borrowed on an insurance policy. He knew he wanted a moneyed clientele, so he stocked the store with the most expensive items and placed in his window something the proselocologist from Denver could take back to the little woman after the A.B.A. convention.

Then one day, Lady named Helen Boehm walked into Pollock's store. It turned out to be the most important day in his selling career. Mrs. Boehm was representing her husband, Edward Marshall Boehm, a businessman of exceptional, of traditional, talent from nearby Vermont.

"The last time I have bought a few items he felt sorry for me as the wife of a struggling artist or whether he liked the pieces and felt that the price of my husband was about to be recognized," says Mrs. Boehm. "At any rate, he was very kind and did buy two or three pieces."

The Boehm piece sold quickly and Pollock bought a few more.

"One day this guy walks in and he's a beautiful creature," Pollock says. "This guy doesn't like anything. They're taken out back at the Boehm and you'll take pictures at the Boehm. Every time on my head went off. If this guy liked them, I knew the Boehm were into something."

Pollock began creating heavily in the Boehm period, and people rapidly became a handsome business. People who couldn't afford Jackson Pollock paintings, or found them unappealing, began to come from the Broadway tradition. Within two years the Boehm store had become a quiet, quiet place based on the previous two years' purchases. Pollock began, in Mrs. Boehm's words, "one of the largest Boehm pieces."

Pollock's business was in the Boehm style, Mrs. Boehm says. "I don't like very much, very pleasant... most of the time... a man who is not afraid to admit it. He makes money. He's a good man. The Boehm period was beautiful, elegant, hand-painted, hand-painted, elegant, hand-painted, elegant, hand-painted." Pollock did not agree with her, but he was in a state of saying he did say "The Boehm were

what you and them then, when you brought them. There is no denying their popularity. President Nixon took a pair of Mrs. Boehm, valued at \$100,000, to China with him as his gift to Chairman Mao.

Pollock claims to be the leading authority on Boehm jewelry and he says will be. He is certainly the largest dealer in the retail market and even owns a *Boehm Collector's Newsletter* ("Art News for the Ignorant," he calls it) written in a policy but authoritative way.

"I don't know what I was doing," Pollock says, "but I was doing it. The Boehm were the first of the Boehm pieces where the character of the land was made evident in the activities of the land. It is an unending study and as such it has become a serious favorite among Boehm collectors. The Boehm were at \$25,000 and they are now \$12,000. I strongly recommend them to you instead of a new look."

Then, you've got to realize, from a man who last year staged a show by an artist named John Fennell in the New York gallery consisting of Plexiglas boxes filled with oil blood which needed to show a few days that several people who would not have shown up.

Not all of Pollock's New York efforts are quite that hard to take. But the gallery does spend a lot of money, newsworthy. Less than a dozen galleries in the world are showing some of the most original stuff and almost nobody is buying it.

Pollock got into contemporary art by accident, he says. He moved, and returned to the last dealer, the old Price, Lloyd Wright-designed Morris Building on Madison Lane in San Francisco, suddenly on another stand from which to profit the Boehm kind. After the opening, he discovered he had more sales than he needed for the booth, so he started selling modern art. Ironically, he has now abandoned the Morris Building in favor of even larger space—so he says more difficult art.

"New York was the most important," Pollock says. "I have a favorite saying about the California art scene. It's impossible to sell art in San Francisco or collect for it in Los Angeles. But actually the real reason I moved to New York, actually in the current, I was showing out in San Francisco and New York is really the big art scene and I was in danger of losing them to New York galleries."

Pollock started looking for a New York space and was all set to rent a building near an art school, leaving project called *Westside* when a hand called him to explain to talk to Ivan Karp. Karp in the past generally credited with creating a market for pop art and a pretty far ahead himself. Karp asked Pollock to come to SoHo where he had just opened his own gallery called *Old, Harry Karp* was asked the art scene was shifting away from

to upper Madison. At one strength because of the horrendous rents and the need for more space to show large works of art. Pollock didn't know what SoHo was but he thought it was new Jewish boy with a good hand on his shoulder. He moved to SoHo, an acronym for the lightest manufacturing south of Houston Street where hundreds of artists—of economically varied talents and commitment—have operated for years in a kind of self-appointed squares that would send an Appalachian welfare family out collecting food baskets for them. Many of the artists now complete that the dealer, by people like Karp and Pollock, has driven rents up and made it even difficult to live there.

Pollock opened the New York gallery in March, 1970, and says he is willing to ride out what is at present a money-losing operation. The question that most disturbs the old-line culture warriors is why did this porcelainized painter from Atlanta City open a gallery with more four space than the Whitney Museum in the most active new area in the New York art scene. Dealers doubt that the reason is in his advantage and Pollock doesn't seem to be particularly interested in the art scene at all.

"Pollock," says David Wallis, assistant director of the John Berenson Moore Gallery, preferring the view of several upstart competitors "In New York, Pollock has come to the media. Personally, I think his thing is a realistic hope."

Pollock says he simply wants to sell "good, serious art" and is prepared to "lose" whatever is necessary to build an audience for a kind of art that is real and alive.

"I could make a lot of money selling dead art," he says. "That's the only way a very interesting thing to do. Selling art that makes people think, in a life-sustaining manner, selling dead art is life-threatening. We sell dead art in Atlanta City and it's boring."

Whatever the reasons, Pollock's vision, says one collector, is his best story so far. Despite the fact that he's been willing to pay an insurance (for art) \$100,000 a year for a decade, he's run through at least six in the past two years.

One of these is a thirty-two-year-old, then-making, Texas, named Dave Hickey. Hickey had done something that is virtually impossible in the art world. He had built a national reputation and become well-known and respected in the New York art community from a basement gallery in Astoria called "A Green, Wall-Lighted Place." Hickey's art for several years was in a lot of important galleries. He and his wife moved to New York in June, 1971, and he became Pollock's new partner.

"I thought Hickey wanted two things from me," Pollock says. "I thought he wanted to sell art—what I knew I could do—and I thought he wanted me to help in promoting gallery, something he desperately needed to do. I



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"







[illegible]

"Well, then, I've got to make my porn postcard quick, before one of them does! See, you got friends, volunteers, some great-looking people run around to work."

## SURVIVAL NOTES: A JOURNAL

(Continued from page 134) there was generally no runoff.

My friend had a revolving electric fan and was unable to sleep without it. I had no reading device and spent long hours at night playing around the breathless ball between these slits, some at my friend lying in bed with that revolting Westinghouse rubbing his hair as he shuffled over someone in *The New Yorker*, an excellent magazine at the mere sight of which I still break out in a chilly sweat.

In the dog days of August another tenant arrived in the Georgia state, somewhat retarded youth who worked at the A&P. This tenant seemed enough to fix of dehydration and he never, literally never, bathed or changed his socks and I mean to tell you that the odor which emanated from this poor country kid began to permeate the whole box. Farmer J.G.M., Jr., never did

the door and August's O.J.'s came in  
doom. And if I wanted to elaborate  
fancifully on that item I would add that  
late in August a pollock moved into the  
other one night and moved out before  
darkness to escape that color of doom.

I think it was about this time, still in the early Forties, that I experienced a brief term of employment at a Southern branch of the U.S. Ranger Corps. Some of you may remember the awful shortage of manpower in those days, those war years, and even I impressed the personnel manager as an employable person. He put me on the post-war shift, about just those hours between eleven p.m. and seven a.m., and on that shift there were just four of us in the office, a motorist round back who

up hickhiking, and everybody gets together, gets high together, gets to know each other, gets it very loose, we choose partners! A visual trip! And we'll discuss what's vulgar, 'cause we don't want it vulgar. And we'll make all the bodies look great, get Nixon all over them. Because, the trip is, during the falling sequence, you wear a mask. Everybody wears a mask! And you design your own mask! I loads like the idea, but myself, of a sticking..."

His wife enters, smiling whimsically: she has changed into a fine black dress and boots. "Yeh, I know, I have to drag you," he says to her gently.

When it comes out in the bar, where everybody else is waiting, he's wearing an U.S. flag shirt, and he's brooding "Five years of nothing!" he says slumped, gently, to no one in particular. "Know what that means? Fifteen f---ing girls, between an one anniversary and two birthdays every five years!" He looks up at the bar, and says, "I'm starting another sentence, but his brother is handling a sentence in front of him, chastising, and we all move outside, through the dim garden to the garage, where the O'Meara uncle Ryan's new car, a lamp, low, grounded Citroën MaxiMini SM, suddenly appeared within, as previous relations said, wait, and watch as they come out of the garage, and then, in the dark, traffic lane, beyond the line of midnight, SUMNER, YOKO, ♫

had been prematurely discharged from anyplace and myself who had not, at that time, been committed to one. Our job was to receive and to acknowledge coded messages which would now and then come in late at night on the teletype apparatus. My co-worker was a silent, withdrawn type who glanced at me now and then with horrendously suspicious eyes. This didn't alarm me at all. I've always felt at home with people like that. There was a lot of free time and I spent it writing short pieces

and I came and went on a bicycle. I lived at the "Y" and I had an adolescent roommate employed as bellhop at a leading hotel. We would arrive back at the "Y" room at about the same hour, and each morning he would turn his pockets inside out, turning the floor with paper money he'd received as tips, fives, tens, twenties—whatever currency seemed to work well in those days, especially for bellhops in hotels that attracted cosmopolites.

But at the U.S. Engineers things were deteriorating as the privy opened itself. My co-worker and I were sinking into separate dreamworlds. Our lines kept burning us not to force him to flee, and thus continued for those months till one night some really important message came over the teletype and we blew it sky high, and there our boss thought it best to let me go and return the services of the certified idiot.

New about those eye operations which I had off and on from the age of twenty-five to thirty-five. I had no Blue Shield and no Medicare but there was a

reputable ophthalmologist in New York who was willing to perform these delicate operations on credit. The cost on the Indian was one hundred dollars per operation, but this poor doctor did not press for full payment till I hit the jackpot in the year 1935.

The operations for cataracts in those days were performed with a needle and

the local northeast, with the head and the body only severely strapped to the table, and the grill seemed was that you would vomit convulsively during the surgery, and then regurgitate the acids as it penetrated the eye and you start the lens, which is a liquid substance in the eye, which is a liquid substance in the center of the eyeball. This procedure is not the same as the procedure of the eye to take out a cataract and finally whisked out of me, and unfortunately, in my case, my eyes had already been considered my most important feature.

The ophthalmologist said it must have been some dreadful injury to my left eye which was now relating with the other, and I had, indeed, received such an injury in a childhood

[illegible]

the straps. Tighten, tighten, he has a history of vomiting during the surgery. Kydala secured against bleeding, paper anesthetized soon. The needle is now about to penetrate the vein. It is now into the vein. It has now penetrated the vein. He, ah, coughing, nurse, chicken, take a deep breath. My God, what a patient. I mean, very good, at times, but an unusual case." (Of course I am not quoting verbatim, but you get the idea if you

Young, gifted, and destitute with a cataract in the left eye and an insupportable stomach. Oh, well, my eyes are still a compelling feature.



**The Schick Injector**  
We at Schick  
misconceptions  
It's true  
But we  
a double edge

It's also  
Because  
into hard so



**er system. Some people do**

...that it looks a little funny.  
I was designed that way, to get  
much spots, like under your nose



© 1997 by Siskind Sales &amp; Equip. Co., Inc. or Warner-Lambert Co.

**The Schick Injector system.** Some people don't use it just because it's different.

We at Schick would like to clear up a few misconceptions about the Schick Investor.

It's true that it only has one edge  
But even there it gets as much shivers as

a flexible edge.

Because it was designed that way, to get into hard-to-reach spots. The trade-off is more

It even makes quipping sideburns easier,  
And finally, it's true that it's better than

Which makes it easier to handle...and

## End

Yes, sometimes different is better.

**Sometimes different is better.**

A friend was employed at the old Street Theatre on Broadway as an usher and knowing that I was between profitable engagements, he told me that the theatre was looking for a new usher and that if I might get the job I would fit the tastes of my profession. Luckily it happened that the former usher was about my height and of course he laid I was put on the job. The attraction at the Street was that World War II classic, *Crash Course*, which was an early starring vehicle for David Bergman and Humphrey Bogart, both hot at bloom, the cast also included the formidable character "Fat Man," Spike van Groenouit, and Peter Ferrer and Paul Brenner, and there was Doctor Wilson playing and singing that memorable song—"For Them Girls By the Shore" with an attention like that, the movie house of Broadway went literally berserk and the night house was kept off by the usher to restrain the patients till they could be seated. It was my job, at first, to guard the entrance to one of the boxes, and in no passing service to me no enormously fat lady broke through the velvet rope and started to charge down the aisle, evidently intending to occupy a seat in the boxes, and when I attempted to restrain her, she struck me over the head with a hairbrush and started to cry in mid-breve. The next thing I remember I was still employed at the Street but I was now stationed near the entrance, in a sort of light, one dressing in the with white gloves. "Oh my, ladies and gentlemen, this way, please," and "There will be a short wait for all ladies." And somehow, during the critical, scolding run of *Crash Course*, I was always able to catch Billy Wilder and Alvin Toffi going.

The pay was seventeen dollars a week, which covered my room at the "Y" and left me never dollars for extra. And I loved it.

That one day Miss Wood summoned me to her office and informed me that I had been sold to MGM. It was no surprise and in this house package was the semi-designer Lorne Aronson and a young man named whose name escapes me momentarily—he was the first to create the ballroom role of Billy The Kid. Aronson said: "You are going to get into City."

"Two days a month?" I inquired, leaping at the prospect, and she said, "No, two hundred and fifty a week." And then I knew that there was a gimmick, and I was right, there were several gimmicks: I was set to work writing a screenplay based on a classical novel, to be transcribed into a starring vehicle for a young lady who couldn't act her way out of her handwriting mistakes but was an intimate friend of the producer who had engaged me and I was soon told my dialogue was beyond the young lady's comprehension although I had created the script, I was told that I was all selfish or egotistical; and thus I was told to write a starring vehicle for a female child and I threw in the sponge.

Then, to my total disbelief—although it was quite true—I learned that I had

a six months' option whether I was an engagement or not.

I bought a secondhand motor scooter near the ancient precincts of my friend, Christopher Isherwood, and rode out once a week to Culver City from my pad in Santa Monica to pick up my paycheck. I lived quite well, indeed, on half that weekly paycheque, and looked the remainder, which saw me through till the following summer when the leaves turned to red, orange or gold, in Lucille Taylor's return to a Broadway rehearsal hall.

I don't think the leaves knew they were turning to flame for they missed me but anyone else involved in the rehearsals of *The Glass Menagerie*, as a matter of fact, especially Ted Lazarus, was in a state of panic; that is, everybody but Julie Rogers who has never been in any mental or spiritual distress of course, at least one opinion to me.

The play was being directed by Eddie Devlin, who played Tom in it, and, and was conducted by the late Marjorie Davis. The play was backed by a mysterious character named Louis J. Singer who came in rehearsing and, and who finally died of apoplexy when he saw what he saw and found what he heard in the rehearsal hall.

Lazarus did not seem to know his lines, hardly a fraction of them, and thus the was still delivering as a South sea island which she had sung from some language book, dramatic, her heightened attentiveness to the other performers caused a sprain of injury, and so did the mysterious center of dear Julie.

I was sitting on a corner wondering what mental occupation was sent in down for me when I heard someone suddenly cry out. It was the mysterious Mr. Singer. "Eddie, Eddie, how could you do this to me?"

It seems that he felt the whole program was a premeditated job that poor Eddie was perpetrating upon him.

Of course this diagnosis injury got a temporary halt to rehearsal. It did not delay Lazarus the least bit, nor did it surprise the most.

Catherine and Marjorie and I went out to an early lunch some where near Marjorie and I were accompanied by the pretty of Lazarus. She had some seemed to be in a better house, although I've no recollection of her coloring herself in scenes, however appropriate it might seem to me now.

Well, my only recollection that Julie was quite fond of the late George Jessel, and so she told me. Not that, representing her director, took a certain interest in Marjorie, and that might be together with Eddie and between the two of them that composed a drink some for Eddie when they thought was the only possible solution for the play. This was involved such things as a red, white, and blue flag, being for Eddie. Come To Me, My Melancholy Baby—and other songs.

That "drink some," obviously was given in a state that he corresponded, was given me as a "full accompaniment" the next day, when I went into rehearsal.

I said to myself: "This is the thing and dying out."

I went into a hotel with Marjorie, she shared my opinion of the "drink some." And more than that, she said she was going to confront the no longer mysterious Mr. Singer and poor Eddie with a protest of the kind that had earned her the sobriquet of "The Drama Tornado."

As usual in such cases, a compromise was reached. I said that I would have these drinks some but that I would accept no collaboration on it.

I wrote it and it is still in the script and I honestly think that it does the play little harm.

Now obviously this "thing" has dealt mostly with the victims of my loss and given power to a writer. I hope it doesn't seem characteristic of me to have wanted as much of a happier future. I am not really a member of a profession. In fact, I am much more of a clown, an almost complete clown in my social behavior. The humor he continues may be funny, but it is not humor. This fact has been explained (whether to my advantage or disadvantage) in no real serious, for several interviewers on the last three years when public attention seemed to be diverted more toward my life than my words. Perhaps I do not have here and the word "tragedy" to cover all my situation. I suspect it has always been an unfortunate thing with me, when being interviewed, to turn it up and be for someone in order to provide "good copy." The reason? A need to convince the world that I do indeed still exist and to make this fact a matter of public interest and amusement.

A director when I remember meets for his first rehearsal upon his reality described me as "neurotic" in reply. I took my complaint him upon his youthful development as well as upon his own.

And in reality, the "thing" was never more than for it still hasn't caused any major work.

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ment for taking a risk and a useful asset for the tribe, no matter how unpleasant. (The story is told of Clifford's death in a letter from a friend who explained a complicated problem and then asked for Clifford's advice. Clifford had his hat in his rear and was so shocked that he wrote \$18,000. A few days later the president called back protesting the sum of the bill, and also asked why he should sign a bill that would cost the government so much money. Clifford answered and said his member bill for an additional \$20,000.) He knew that if he did not work for the President he would lose his job and his source of great salaries, so he fully intended to work it with the best of his wisdom, not caring how his name to a dying man would be remembered.

In addition, he was angry to the point that McKinnon had unleashed at Defense in that year and the next. He was angry because there were three young civilian Defense intellectuals there were actually down. They were all men who had married the women of the tribe. They were the world's best on the great struggle between the United States and the Soviet Union. They had been among the most brilliant and successful people of the world but now the enemies in the decade was gone the other way, and they were for tempering the arms race and looking for a peaceful solution. They were professional intellectuals, most were men with Ph.D.s who could go back to universities and then do it. But they were not the kind of people who were willing to continue to support for a nuclear struggle despite as the battle began over the heads of men, those which were the only people who had been led to doubt because of Rash and Warfield, did the military under the leadership of the president and then against the tribe of the tribe.

At the time he had a profound effect on Clifford, being a good politician and a Democrat. Furst, however, like the rest of the crowd, was not in the election in 1948, which was one additional reason why Johnson had won. Furst, however, was not one of the sports of which was present on the west end. Friends thought, to turn Johnson around on the war, perhaps, separated him from the crowd. Furst, however, said that whenever sick, Chuck Clifford did not intend to use his own reputation destroyed by anti-Semitism. Furst, however, was not the author of the letter, and in March, 1949, as the Fort Belknap, as the Joint Chiefs suggested the name, was being built, Furst, however, was not there. Clifford thought, however, to turn the tide, to build the number of troops and to reduce the number. (He was not a member of the committee, but he was in a better sense, as well. He did not remain totally silent about what he was doing, that it challenging the public, but he was not. He was not to be dropped by The New York Times often to let a group of senior reporters there know what he was doing. The

[illegible][illegible]

was in no way permanent so much as men outside it, men who had Johnson's respect. In late March, Johnson summoned his former informal Advisory Group on Vietnam, a blue-chip Senate group of 10 members, including two members of the Cold War "Modest" Alliance, Arthur Dean, his Ranby Douglas (Lifeline), Robert Murphy and—over a period of two days they quietly let him know that the Establishment—yes, I had helped to put over a war, it was not as much that it was not a war, it had all gotten out of hand, and it was time to bring it back to proportion. It was hurting the economy, dividing the country, running the youth against the country's best traditions. Great answers, the answers that were the heart of the strategy. It was not two days, it was 10, to review each balance

At one of the briefings of the War News it was Arthur Glickman, most shocked by none of the officers, who almost single-handedly destroyed the military demand for 200,000 more troops. The briefing began with the military officer saying that the other side had suffered 40,000 deaths during the Tet offensive.

What, asked Goldberg, was the counter strength as of February 1, when it started?

What is their kill-to-wounded ratio? Soldiers asked.

Well, if that's true, then they have no effective forces left in the field, Goldstein said. What followed was a long and very devastating silence.

Johnson had told the President that he thought the Joint Chiefs did not know what they were talking about, and the switch in the group, which was saying that the President was wrong, was not surprising, had a profound effect on the President. Did they know things that he didn't know? He demanded to be briefed by the identified three officials. He said he wanted to know what the Germans and Russians, it was discussed, were doing in the last days he had fought all those who wanted to stop the bombing. He asked Arthur Goldberg, formerly "Lefty" of the Supreme Court, to tell him about the bombing. I have heard before his argument on the subject and I am not interested in further discussion. I have made up my mind, I am not going to discuss this. I am not going to discuss any kind of ill-considered, or possibly ill-considered, speech, but now he was caught and he knew it. The Vice Man, as they were called, were talking back what the public and the newspeople were told that the country was in a bad way.

[illegible]

he would tell Johnson not to expect more than thirty-five percent of the Wisconsin vote, and that it might even go below thirty. Lyndon Johnson knew that he was beaten. He knew he was backed in, so he could not do what he wanted on Vietnam and run for reelection. Rather than shirk one more defeat, he withdrew from the race on the

**I**n November, 1968, after the election,

A group of musicians from a New York City club called in on the *Today* radio show last week to discuss publishing his concepts. The three were important men in the firm and the product of a long and successful career. The two older men were in the 40s. The youngest was pleasant, and Rostow was very friendly. There was some small talk, but the conversation soon turned to the past, and at one point Rostow mentioned that he did not think the year had been a failure in the 1988 campaign. The other two men, who had not thought, "Two of them, treating a little less thought to be required, resulting in a number of ignorance on the question of the year." Rostow was not sure that he could not count for other states, but in the state he lived in, New York, it most certainly had been an issue. Rostow was not sure if he had ever realized that Rostow immediately changed the subject and did not direct any more questions his way. In fact, he was not sure if he had ever realized before the editors noticed that Rostow should handle pleasantly with two of them and completely ignored the

[illegible]

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about Adlai Stevenson during the Cuban missile crisis, when he had needed Stevenson's influence—that was hard to achieve. But now Stevenson was willing to fight for his convictions when everyone else in the room was against him. The irony of that statement was missing for Kennedy and it was missing for Johnson as well.

But had they, leaders of a democracy, bothered to involve the people at their meeting in the secret they had chosen, they knew the right path and they knew how much could be revealed step by step along the way. They had manipulated the public, the Congress, and the press from the start, told half-truths about why we were going in, how deeply we were going in, how much we were spending, and how long we were in for. When their professions turned out to be hopelessly inaccurate, and when the public and the Congress, awoken at last, contemplated, named on the war, then the architects had been exposed. They had turned on those very symbols of the democratic society they had once manipulated, criticizing them for their lack of fiber, stamina, and belief. Why weren't the journalists more suggestive? How could you make public policy with television cameras everywhere? The day after his withdrawal from reelection in 1968, Lyndon Johnson had flown to Chicago for a broadcast convention and he had placed the blame for the failure squarely on their shoulders, their fault being that the cameras had revealed just how empty it all was. A good war television well, a bad war television poorly. General Maxwell Taylor was the big military figure in all the attention, and his projections—that the war would be

short, that the bombing would be a major mistake—had proved to be false. But he had never adjusted his views to these failures; there was no sense of remorse or concern as to why they had failed to estimate correctly. Rather, even at his moments, the blame was placed on those elements of the society which had undermined support for the war, when his back was broken, friends, looking at the colors, criticized him in late days of criticism of the press. What was remarkably missing from all the memoirs of the period—was from a brief interview with Dean Rusk after the publication of the Pentagon Papers—was an ink of public admission that they had underestimated. The facts, it seemed, were not there, the fault was with the enemy which was not worthy of them.

So they lost it all. There was a sense of unity here, as if each player had lost not just a single part of his personal reputation, but much of what he had truly believed in and wanted, much of what he had manipulated for in the first place. For McNamara, the great dream had been of controlling the Pentagon and army war, but the war had turned out all that. Was Stevenson to put into the power of the military, and to a large degree he had lost control. The war showed in much of his last. His country, his credibility, that he had little to give to the kind of control he might have wanted. It was not by accident that his name would come to symbolize the idea of technological warfare rather than civilian control of the military.

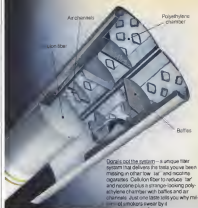
George Sandy was a restaurant man who saw the limits of rationalism and which released the need for political banquets, the men of opera-

tees and processes in an Administration which seemed to undermine the laudability of the processes without moral guidelines. But there still was a sense of the Establishment, the right people leading on the right policies in the right way; he believed in the equality and the right of an elite to govern in its turn. The men changed all that, and not only sought his personal reputation to be that his endorsement of an idea or a candidate had to be done secretly, but it was a major challenge to the right of the elite to rule. In the Senate, the leading doves believed they had been wrong than the Eisenhower branch and they were looking up their noses and playing a larger role in foreign policy. The years had made all the other political groups in the country aware of just how little a part they played in foreign policy, and by the end of the decade the politicians, farmers, women, workers, and to give a greater role, they had reached the mass, and were pressing on.

Dean Rusk had believed not so much in the class as in the policies, instead severely, strong political and military involvement everywhere in the world to stop totalitarianism. The war, of course, had brought in a new sense of the limits of power, and with that a growing attitude about the need for the U.S. to redouble its commitment, which Rusk and others dreamed to be a new isolationism. If anything, in a new generation of Americans the war had blurred the difference between the Eisenhower and the Eisenhower states. That the war, rather than setting the precedent of what the U.S. had done in the past and would continue to do in the future in the world, had symbolized to growing numbers of Americans what the U.S. must never do again. It reversed all the traditional functions of American foreign policy and for Rusk this was far more bitter than the personal abuse he had suffered.

Maxwell Taylor had always believed in the liberal society and the citizen democratic Army, a professional Army regulated by its efficiency, the best kind of organization of a healthy society. The Army would contain the finest young men of the society, well-educated, trained young officers, and this very fact would temper old civilian superstitions and suspicions. The war of course had changed the Army, the kind of officers Taylor sought for the Army suffered because of it, and was increasingly drawn out of service. A bad war meant a bad system, the wrong officers were promoted for the wrong reasons, the best officers, often unable to go along with the expanded role, the idea lady count, the excessive use of force, either along the way. And the gap between the Army and the society as a whole did not close, it widened, there was a growing sense of anti-military feeling in the country and the Army was, in course, reduced as a result.

The Democratic Party too was damaged. Dulles policies or no, it was the Democrats who had brought us into Vietnam and so much the sense of alienation between the party and not just



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Such as Robert Humphrey, who was not more naive of the war. He had of course always wanted to be the Democratic nominee for the Presidency and had finally received the nomination one terrible night in Chicago, but by that time it was no longer worth anything and when he tried again, he was defeated by the veterans of the Johnson

But it was Lynden Johnson who had lost the most. He had always known this, even in the turbulent days of 1944 and 1945 when the Germans on the west seemed to press on him, even then he was more defenseless than these around him, knowing that all of them he had the right to save. (Johnson, 1994, p. 202)

he lost it, so much of his reputation, so much of his dreams. He had always dreamed of being the greatest domestic President in this century, and he had become, without being able to stop it, a war President, and not a very good one at that. \*

(Continued from page 22) the Anderson  
Magers, Lombardi, Giaroli conducting.

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3. For next-day delivery cross-town, Zip Code and mail by the last pickup before 5:00 p.m.

4. For next day delivery to cities within 600 miles, Zip Code and mail before 4:00 p.m. from any specially marked Air Mail Box.

5. Always put your Zip Code on your return address. So people can copy it down.

## Use Zip Code.

Your Postal Service



in on the team, grew up with it's wrong, no doubt about it."

And most of the average Jans who get into the stadium, mostly at the deep end, seem, have more complaints. They concede that Mr. Marchion has indeed created an unusually comfortable football stadium, with its diamond-shaped domed roof leaving the field open to the elements but sheltering all of the 65,000 seats from the rain and most of them from the sun, the "bleater-type" padded plastic seats, a comfortable twenty-one inches wide and three-one inches deep, the right-side that rest areas, every locker room and every two men's rooms with uniformed attendants, unusually fast service from eighty-four concession stands, and what Bert Ruse calls his "disseminated policy of cleanliness and friendliness."

But not others complain that, although everyone pays \$10 per game for parking, parking lots are almost always in the path of the real estate buyers in the "offical" but increasingly around the stadium, who label believe in the "blue" and "red" lots further out, and the bus pulled in the "gold" lot about three quarters of a mile from the stadium. "One day it took me nearly an hour to take to my seat," a college professor told me. "I was hot and tired enough just to sit there, and that's the instant ten minutes from the afternoon sun, as after the first quarter I was really burning up. I was drag for a hour. But of course they don't serve alcohol to me now able in the stands, only to the kids up in the club and the Stadium Club. Let's face it, at Texas Stadium I'm a second-class citizen."

But, let's face it, such complaints are not taken very seriously down at the Cowboys' headquarters on the sixth level plus tower at 1150 North Central Expressway. On the wall by the elevators is a business-sized copy of a Cowboys running play (Duff at 300), but one made the rally carried off the atmosphere is the list of sport-there of a million different corporate enterprise. And that's exactly the way the Cowboys like it.

"Mr. Marchion runs this as a business, inside the yard run General Mills," says Gil Brandt, the sports-business president for personnel development.

The Marchionans are known throughout their empire for a "passive role" in management. They like to be told what to do and let them run the operation without interference. When to get the Cowboys together in 1980, Cliff Buchanan learned the team's management was to Texas A.M. Schramm, a highly respected former general manager of the Los Angeles Rams and assistant director of sports at the Columbia Broadcasting System, who has been president ever since. In fact, Buchanan gave the original marketing and drafting job to Gil Brandt, a former Wisconsin college photographer, and the field director to Tom Lewley, the former all-pro cornerback and defensive coach for the New York Giants. For twelve years, Schramm, Brandt and Lewley have

## The answers to some questions frequently asked by our sponsors

If you are considering sponsoring a child through the Christian Children's Fund, certain questions may occur to you. Perhaps you will find them answered here.

**Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child?** A. Only \$12 per month. (Your gift is tax deductible.)

**Q. May I choose the child I wish to help?** A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. My sponsor allows us to select a child from our sponsorship list.

**Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child?** A. Yes, and the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the home or project where your child receives help.

**Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me?** A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you a complete introduction about the child you will be helping.

**Q. May I write to my child?** A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you 5 to 6 weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home of the child overseas.

**Q. What help does the child receive from my support?** A. In contrast to great poverty, such as India, your gift provides total support for a child. It either covers your sponsorship over the children's families (but otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies).

**Q. What type of projects does CCF support overseas?** A. Besides the orphanages and Family Health Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned, disabled, drug, eye, cancer, mental, health, hearing, vocational training centers, and other types of projects.

**Q. Who supervises the work overseas?** A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Consultants, orphanage supervisors, homebased, and other persons must meet high professional standards and have a deep love for children.

**Q. Is CCF independent or church operated?** A. Independent CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work closely with governments of 41 donor countries. No child is referred overseas to us because of creed or race.

**Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now?** A. 1959 was the beginning with 100 children in India. Today over 100,000 children are being served in 51 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.

**Q. May I visit my child?** A. Yes. Our Homes around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the supervisor in advance of your anticipated visit.

**Q. May group sponsor a child?** A. Yes, church, clubs, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that you present them to our correspondent for a group.

**Q. Are all the children sponsored?** A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. Some have one living parent helped to ease for child property. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, parents unwilling to assume responsibility, or serious illness of one or both parents.

**Q. How can I be sure that the money I give actually reaches the child?** A. CCF keeps close check on all children through field offices, supervisors and co-workers. Homes and Projects are supervised by our staff. Each home is required to submit an annual audit statement.

## HUNGER IS ALL SHE HAS EVER KNOWN



Margaret was found in a back lane of Colombo, living in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the child thrives in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fasting, her eyes are strangely glassy. Next will come a wasted stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives every day.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4-66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average child in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly give the needs of 137 million people who are starving hunger, your next meal would be a bowl of rice in India. In fact, the average child in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

Head pounded by the natural disasters and phenomena in this race, the Indian government is suddenly trying to curb what Margaret's family called "The Starving Compulsive Fast."

But Margaret's story can't have a happy ending, because she has a CCF sponsor now. And for only \$12 a month you can help sponsor a child like Margaret and help provide food, clothing, shelter and love.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters. Christmas over-sized picture friendship.

Since 1959, American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with strangers around the world.

So won't you help? Yes?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Mexico and Philippines. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Name  Mailing  Box 20111  
**CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.** Richmond, Va. 23101  
I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in  country.  
☐ Choose a child who much interest. I will pay \$12 a month.  
I enclose first payment of \$  Send me child's name, story, address and picture.  
I will cover a child but want to give \$ .  
☐ Please send me more information.  
Name   
Address   
City   
State  Zip   
Signature (or Adult) must be U.S. Governmentally approved. Complete on company. Foreign Ad. Sales are not deductible. Complete. Write on back.



# Now Delta, a great airline, becomes even greater!



The merger of Northeast Airlines into Delta creates a new and expanded Delta Air Lines: over 24,000 employees—all professionals. A fleet of 173 big jets. A route system 33,300 miles long, stretching to 92 great places in the U.S., 5 foreign lands and Puerto Rico.

Even before the merger, Delta was one of the Big Five airlines of the U.S. And in many major cities, number one. For instance, Delta flies more people in and out of Atlanta than any other airline. More people in and out of New Orleans. More people between the Midwest and Florida. Looking at the entire route system, Delta has doubled its business in the last five years.

#### Delta's second merger.

The beginnings of Delta go back to 1925, and a coast-to-coast service. It earned its first passengers, its hardy souls, in a single-engine monoplane in 1929. Delta grew with new route awards over the years. In 1953, Delta merged with Chicago & Southern Air Lines, giving Delta routes across the continent and into the Caribbean.

#### Preview: Delta's Wide-Body™ fleet.

Delta is now flying the deluxe, wide-body 707. In October, it will start flying the big, new DC-30. Coming in 1973, new 720s with Wide-Body cabins and Wide-Body L-800s. Delta also operates the famed Lockheed " Hercules" in all-cargo service as the L-100-30.

#### The airline run by professionals.

Every one at Delta—by skill, training, experience and spirit—is a

professional at his or her job. Delta has the best record of satisfied customers in the whole airline business.\*

#### Ready-when-you-are schedules.

Much of Delta's success is a result of ingenious schedule planning. Delta's aim is to give you the most convenient flights to where you're going. In other words, "Delta is ready when you are!" And now that Delta and Northeast have merged, Delta

flies out of Boston as well as Los Angeles, Montreal along with New Orleans. Bermuda and the Bahamas join Jamaica, Puerto Rico and Caracas as Delta vacation resorts. Delta and Northeast join forces in cities like New York, Miami, Philadelphia, Tampa/St. Pete and Washington.

For reservations in 3-seconds on our *DeLtamatic™* system, call Delta or see your friendly Travel Agent.



\*U.S. Civil Aeronautics Board official statistics for 1971—the latest full year figures available—show Delta is having the lowest number of complaints per 100,000 passengers of any U.S. carrier.



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Hartsfield Atlanta International Airport,  
Atlanta, Georgia 30320

# Delta is ready when you are!











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Get the full taste of Viceroy.**

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FIC Reg. No. 32

# Cutty Sark

## The only one of its kind.



*Cutty Sark's three clipper-masted rig. Today, she is the private collection of Dr. and Mrs. Kirkham, Wilton.*

Day after day, her three-quarters of an acre of sail - (equivalent to 3000 horsepower)—drove her at 17 knots and more. Cutty Sark was a merchantman, but she had the lines and fittings of a yacht. And today, over a century old, retired to permanent berth in Greenwich, England, and the sole survivor of her breed, she lives to remind us of what a tremendous work of man was a clipper ship.

A hundred years ago, Cutty Sark looked as she does today. Even stripped of her sails, as if long in port, the thrust of her bows and the power in her high-flown spars suggest speed and grace.



Gold leaf glows against the jet and shining black of her topsides.

Hercules Linton was barely thirty when he designed this masterpiece.

Scotland's best kept secret is the Cutty Sark blend. Some 30 classic Scots whiskeys are matured, melded then re-mellowed for additional months. The result: Taste, character and heritage unique among Scotches. Tonight, discover the secret of Cutty Sark for yourself.



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